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A CURATE'S EPISTLE.

Will you marry a curate, Miss Ethel?
Will you wed with a reverend man,
With a hundred and twenty pounds yearly
And glad to get that if he can?
Will you never miss vespers or matins?
Will you visit the poor in the rain?
Will you give up your silks and your satins
And wear ginghams and mousselines de laine?

You have very nice ankles, dear Ethel,
And a figure with scarce any faults.
Can you bear, then, to give up the lancers
And only look on at a waltz?
Will you lay by Mozart and Beethoven
To teach Sunday school children to squall,
And instead of your painting and sketching
Draw maps of the journeys of Paul?

Can you please the entire congregation—
Keep all the societies hot—
Barely praised if you're fit for the station
And roundly abused if you're not?
Can you disregard sneering and scorning
'Cause at home you've to work like a bee?
Will you help to make the beds in the morning
And cut bread and butter for tea?

Can you drudge all the day without pity?
Can you darn, sew and stitch and—not tire?
Will you sit on the ladies' committee
And warble your best in the choir?
Will you stand by your husband when slighted
By men who make light of his pains,
Who have far more than ten times his income
And far less than half of his brains?

Married bishops may easily mingle
Worldly wisdom with warning so dour,
But I've taken no vows to keep single,
Though p'rhaps I may always be poor.
Then if as the wife of a curate
You could live, dear, say "Yes" without fuss.
Don't be daunted by prelates obdurate
And gladden your own Clericus.
—London Tit-Bits.

THE BURGLARS.

It was much too fine a night to think of going to bed at once, and so, although the witching hour of 9 p. m. had struck, Edward and I were still leaning out of the open window in our nightshirts, watching the play of the cedar branch shadows on the moonlit lawn, and planning schemes of fresh deviltry for the sunshiny morrow. From below, strains of the jocund piano declared that the Olympians were enjoying themselves in their listless impotent way, for the new curate had been bidden to dinner that night and was at the moment unclerically proclaiming to all the world that he feared no foe. His discordant vociferations doubtless started a train of thought in Edward's mind, for the youth presently remarked, apropos of nothing that had been said before, "I believe the new curate's rather gone on Aunt Maria."

I scouted the notion. "Why, she's quite old!" I said. She must have seen some five and twenty summers.

"Of course she is," replied Edward scornfully. "It's not her, it's her money he's after, you bet."

"Didn't know she had any money," I observed timidly.

"Sure to have," said my brother, with confidence "Heaps and heaps."

Silence ensued, both our minds being busy on the same problem—how this condition of things, if it existed, could be turned to advantage.

"Bobby Ferris told me," began Edward in due course, "that when a fellow was spooning his sister once they used to employ him to carry notes and messages and things between them, and he got a shilling almost every time!"

"What, from each of them?" I innocently inquired.

Edward looked at me with scornful pity. "Girls never have any money," he briefly explained. "But she did his exercises and got him out of rows and told stories for him when he needed it—and much better ones than he could have made up for himself. Girls are useful in some ways. So he was living in clover when unfortunately the two quarreled about something. Bobby was fairly cornered, for he had bought two ferrets on tick and promised to pay a shilling a week, thinking this happy state of things would last forever. Something had to be done, of course; so when the week was up, and he was being dunned for the shilling, he went off to the fellow and said; 'Your heartbroken Bella implores you to meet her this evening at sundown, by the hollow oak as of old, be it only for a moment. Do not fail!' He got all that out of a book of course. The fellow looked puzzled and said, 'What hollow oak? I don't know any hollow oak.' 'Perhaps it was the Royal Oak?' said Bobby promptly, seeing he had made a slip through trusting too much to the book, but this didn't seem to make the fellow any happier, for the Royal Oak, you know, is rather a low sort of house, as pubs go. At last the fellow said, 'Well, I think I know where she means, the hollow tree in your father's paddock. It happens to be an elm, but she wouldn't know the difference. All right; say I'll be there.' Bobby hung about a bit, for he hadn't got his money. 'She was crying awfully,' he said. Then he got his shilling."

"And wasn't the fellow riled," I inquired, "when he got to the place and found nothing?"

"He found Bobby," said Edward indignantly. "Young Ferris was a gentleman, every inch of him. He brought the fellow another message from Bella: 'I dare not leave the house. My cruel parents immure me closely. If you only knew what I suffer! Your broken hearted Bella!' Out of the same book. This made the fellow a little suspicious, for it was the old Ferrises who had been keen about the match all through. The fellow, you see, had tin. However, he couldn't exactly call Bella's brother a young liar, so Bobby escaped for the time. But when he was in a hole next week over a stiff French exercise, and tried the same sort of game on his sister, she was too sharp for him, and he was caught out. Somehow women seem more mistrustful than men. They're so beastly suspicious by nature, you know!"

"I know," said I. "But did the two—the fellow and the sister—make it up afterward?"

"I don't remember about that," replied Edward indifferently, "but Bobby got packed off to school a whole year earlier than his people had meant to send him, which was just what he wanted. So you see it all came right in the end!"

I was trying to puzzle out the moral of this story—it was evidently meant to contain one somewhere—when a flood of golden lamplight mingled with the moon rays on the lawn, and Aunt Maria and the new curate strolled out on the grass below us and took the direction of a garden seat that was backed by a dense laurel shrubbery reaching round in a half circle to the house. Edward meditated moodily. "If we only knew what they were talking about," said he, "you'd soon see whether I was right or not. Look here! Let's send the kid down by the porch to reconnoiter!"

"Harold's asleep," I said; "it seems rather a shame"—

"Oh, rot!" said my brother; "he's the youngest, and he's got to do as he's told!"

So the luckless Harold was hauled out of bed and given his sailing orders. He was naturally rather vexed at being stood up suddenly on the cold floor, and the job had no particular interest for him, but he was both stanch and well disciplined. The means of exit were simple enough. A porch of iron trellis came up to within easy reach of the window and was habitually used by all three of us when modestly anxious to avoid public notice. Harold climbed deftly down the porch like a white rat, and his nightgown glimmered a moment on the graveled walk ere he was lost to sight in the darkness of the shrubbery. A brief interval of silence ensued, broken suddenly by a sound of scuffle and then a shrill, long drawn squeal, as of metallic surfaces in friction. Our scout had fallen into the hands of the enemy!

Indolence alone had made us devolve the task of investigation on our younger brother. Now that danger had declared itself there was no hesitation. In a second we were down the side of the porch and crawling Cherokee wise through the laurels to the back of the garden seat. Piteous was the sight that greeted us. Aunt Maria was on the seat, in a white evening frock, looking—for an aunt—really quite nice. On the lawn stood an incensed curate, grasping our small brother by a large ear, which—judging from the row he was making—seemed on the point of parting company with the head it adorned. The gruesome noise he was emitting did not really affect us otherwise than æsthetically. To one who has tried both, the wail of genuine physical anguish is easily distinguishable from the pumped up ad misericordiam blubber. Harold's could clearly be recognized as belonging to the latter class. "Now, you young"—(whelp, I think it was, but Edward stoutly maintains it was devil) said the curate sternly, "tell us what you mean by it!"

"Well, leggo of my ear, then!" shrilled Harold, "and I'll tell you the solemn truth!"

"Very well," agreed the curate, releasing him; "now go ahead and don't lie more than you can help."

We abode the promised disclosure without the least misgiving, but even we had hardly given Harold due credit for his fertility of resource and powers of imagination.

"I had just finished saying my prayers," began that young gentleman slowly, "when I happened to look out of the window, and on the lawn I saw a sight which froze the marrow in my veins! A burglar was approaching the house with snakelike tread! He had a scowl and a dark lantern, and he was armed to the teeth!"

We listened with interest. The style, though unlike Harold's native notes, seemed strangely familiar.

"Go on," said the curate grimly.

"Pausing in his stealthy career," continued Harold, "he gave a low whistle. Instantly the whistle was responded to, and from the adjacent shadows two more figures glided forth. The miscreants were both armed to the teeth."

"Excellent," said the curate. "Proceed."

"The robber chief," pursued Harold, warming to his work, "joined his nefarious comrades and conversed with them in silent tones. His expression was truly ferocious, and I ought to have said that he was armed to the t"—

"There, never mind his teeth," interrupted the curate rudely; "there's too much jaw about you altogether. Hurry up and have done."

"I was in a frightful funk," continued the narrator, warily guarding his ear with his hand, "but just then the drawing room window opened and you and Aunt Maria came out—I mean emerged. The burglars vanished silently into the laurels with horrid imprecations!"

The curate looked slightly puzzled. The tale was well sustained and certainly circumstantial. After all, the boy might have really seen something. How was the poor man to know—though the chaste and lofty diction might have supplied a hint—that the whole yarn was a free adaptation from the last penny dreadful lent us by the knife and boot boy? "Why did you not alarm the house?" he asked.

"I was afraid," said Harold sweetly, "that they would not believe me!"

"But how did you get down here, you naughty little boy?" put in Aunt Maria.

Harold was hard pressed—by his own flesh and blood too! At that moment Edward touched me on the shoulder and glided off through the laurels. When some 10 yards away, he gave a low whistle. I replied by another. The effect was magical. Aunt Maria started up with a shriek.

Harold gave one startled glance around and then fled like a hare, made straight for the back door, burst in upon the servants at supper and buried himself in the broad bosom of the cook, his special ally. The curate faced the laurels hesitatingly. But Aunt Maria flung herself on him. "Oh, Mr. Hodgitts," I heard her cry, "you are brave—for my sake do not be rash!" He was not rash. When I peeped out a second later, the coast was entirely clear.

By this time there were sounds of a household timidly emerging, and Edward remarked to me that perhaps we had better be off. Retreat was an easy matter. A stunted laurel gave a leg up onto the garden wall, which led in its turn to the roof of an outhouse, up which, at a dubious angle, we could crawl to the window of the boxroom. This overland route had been revealed to us one day by the domestic cat when hard pressed in the course of an otter hunt in which the cat—somewhat unwillingly—was filling the title role, and it had proved distinctly useful on occasions like the present. We were snug in bed—minus some cuticle from knees and elbows—and Harold, sleepily chewing something sticky, had been carried up in the arms of the friendly cook ere the clamor of the burglar hunters had died away.

The curate's undaunted demeanor, as reported by Aunt Maria, was generally supposed to have terrified the burglars into flight, and much kudos accrued to him thereby. Some days later, however, when he had dropped into afternoon tea and was making a mild curatorial joke about the moral courage required for taking the last piece of bread and butter, I felt constrained to remark dreamily, and, as it were, to the universe at large, "Mr. Hodgitts, you are brave—for my sake do not be rash!"

Fortunately for me, the vicar was also a caller on that day, and it was always a comparatively easy matter to dodge my long coated friend in the open.—Kenneth Grahame in National Observer.

Tipping the Hat to Ladies.

It is believed that the custom of raising the hat in saluting ladies is derived from the days of chivalry, when the knights unhelmed before ladies, that by so doing they might forego the advantages which their armor conferred upon them—rendering them defenseless and at the same time by such act declare their belief that woman was the soul and fountain of honor.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

A Comparison.

Foreigner—I don't like your American society.

Native—Why not?

"Oh, it is so new."

"Well, it is better to have it new and fresh than old and decayed, as yours is, I guess."—Detroit Free Press.

The Queen as an Entertainer.

A good story is told of one of Princess Christian's children. During some tableaux-vivants at Windsor the child, who was very much bored, said to her majesty: "Oh, grandma, I'm tired of this! What are they doing it for?" "To amuse me, my dear," replied the queen. The royal youngster gazed at her majesty for a moment and then inquired gravely, "But when are you going to amuse us?"—London Illustrated News.

Too Quiet.

Visitor—How do you like your new neighbors?

Little Boy—I don't like them at all. They're too quiet.

Visitor—Too quiet?

Little Boy—Yes'm. Mamma makes me keep still all the time so she can hear what they're doing.—Good News.

KILAUEA'S FIERY FOUNTAINS.

A Grand Display In the Crater of the Principal Hawaiian Volcano.

By the arrival of the Kinau this morning the news has been received of the overflow of the volcano of Kilauea. The following details are obtained from Philip Peck, the Hotel street importer, who visited the volcano on Friday last in company with Superintendent of Public Works W. E. Rowell:

The volcano has been constantly increasing in activity for a week past and was particularly lively on Thursday evening, when as many as 15 magnificent fountains of fire were sent up at one time from the bubbling and seething mass. These fiery columns were so high as to be seen from the veranda at the Volcano House, two miles distant. The sight from that place on Thursday night was indescribably grand, and is said never to have been equaled in former years.

On Friday evening, when Messrs. Peck and Rowell made their visit, the fountains were still playing, but were not so high or large as on the previous night. Both gentlemen went to the very edge of the burning lake, which at that time was more than full, the molten lava in the center being fully two feet higher than at the edges. Mr. Peck described the immense lake as being in a similar state to a glass of water which is more than full and yet does not overflow. At times the burning mass would slop over in places and flow into the main pit 10 or 15 feet below, but a new crust would soon form and the flow stop. Mr. Rowell had a narrow escape from one of these sudden overflows. Both gentlemen speak of the scene as most magnificent and indescribable in its grandeur.

On Saturday night the volcano was in the same condition as on the previous one, but lava commenced to overflow in a steady stream. On Sunday about 7 p. m. the entire walls fell in, and the lake itself has spread out to the full extent of the pit and now forms a molten mass about one-half by one-third of a mile in extent. After the breakdown the lava was very active, the fountains and columns being more violent than ever. The view from the hotel was then marvelous.

From another source it is learned that a sharp shock of earthquake was felt at the volcano on Sunday night and more or less throughout the entire island, although at Hilo it was scarcely perceptible.—Hawaiian Star.

Ferguson's Youth.

James Ferguson, the Scotch astronomer, was very anxious, even as a little boy, to understand the mechanism of watches. His father refused to allow him to "play with" his watch, and so James waited until a stranger called at the house one day to ask his way "Will you be good enough to tell me what time it is?" asked the boy. The gentleman told him.

"Would you be willing that I should look at your watch?" continued Ferguson.

"Certainly," replied the gentleman.

The boy took the watch eagerly. After he had examined it for a moment his next question came:

"What makes that box go round?"

"A steel spring," replied the owner.

"How can a steel spring in a box turn it round so as to wind up all the chain?"

The gentleman explained the process.

"I don't see through it yet," answered young Ferguson.

"Well, now," said the traveler, who had become deeply interested in the boy, "take a long, thin piece of whalebone, hold one end of it fast between your thumb and forefinger and wind it around your finger. It will then attempt to unwind itself, and if you fix the other end of it to the inside of a small hoop and leave it to itself it will turn the hoop round and round and wind up a thread tied to the outside."

"I see it! I see it!" exclaimed Ferguson enthusiastically. "Thank you very, very much!"

It was not long before he had made a wooden watch, which he inclosed in a case about the size of a teacup.

The boy was afterward set at work to watch sheep at night. Here he had nothing to watch but the stars, and his future eminence in astronomy was, in a way, founded upon this boyish out of door observation.—Youth's Companion.

He Can Give Webster Points.

Nearly every printer who has come to Omaha knows "Father Time" Guild, the evening proofreader on the World-Herald. He is the greatest proofreader on earth. His brain is simply marvelous. Through "long years of experience and close observation" he has accumulated a fund of knowledge that is actually unlimited. It is useless to argue with him. When printers question his marking of proofs and show him Webster to sustain their arguments, he takes a grip on his teeth, adjusts his eyeglasses, grins and remarks: "Well, I will be goll whizzed if that isn't a remarkable error to creep into the dictionary. I will correct it," and then with a pencil he will mark the word as he thinks it should be spelled on the margin of the book, hand the disputed proof back to the dumfounded and unhappy printer to correct, take another grip on his teeth and proceed to cut up "time" copy. And yet some people wonder why printers take to drink!—Omaha Western Laborer.

Variegated Shanties.

"Talk of brownstone fronts and marble halls—I'll not bar tiling or stained glass windows!" said the man from Colorado. "They're sober tinted affairs beside houses you sometimes see in new towns on the plains. Timber being scarce, the builders have used the tin of old tomato and fruit cans in place of clapboards and shingles, completely sheathing the structure in the strips of tin hammered out flat and nailed to the sides and roofs. These strips are of various sizes and tints, some darkened by fire, some dulled or reddened by rust, some shining bright and new. The whole effect of the structure seen a little distance away is the resplendent hues of mother of pearl, which is pretty good for a shanty which is only a makeshift and usually the abode of poverty."—New York Sun.

A Modern Parable.

George was a good boy. He was always willing to take good advice. The teacher told him one day that he should avoid the appearance of evil. George remembered this. When he stole Farmer Clover's apples that night, he saved the cores and dropped them in front of Dick Blatherskate's yard. Dick was a bad boy and got punished for stealing Farmer Clover's apples that night, but George avoided the appearance of evil. He ate the apples. The good are always rewarded in this world and the bad punished.—Texas Siftings.

Getting Even.

Watchful Mother—Have you complied with my wishes and informed Mr. Russer that he can have but one kiss when he says "Good night?"

Dutiful Daughter—Yes, ma.

"And how does it affect him?"

"He says 'Good night' much earlier and oftener than he used to."—Tit-Bits.

A whistle that can be heard a distance of 25 miles has been constructed in Reading for a Philadelphia car manufactory. The cylinder of this formidable steam trumpet is 18 inches in diameter.

One of the largest wire cables ever made has been completed by a Liverpool firm. The rope has a continuous length of 4½ miles and weighs over 25 tons.

SPECIMEN PRECIOUS STONES.

They Are Gems of the Utmost Perfection and Are Very Rare.

Before the existence of "specimen stones" becomes, through the drain of them to America, a thing of the past for us, it may be well to say a few words about things which very few people have ever seen and henceforward have little chance of seeing. The word "specimen stone" explains that it is a gem of the utmost perfection, but few know how rare and precious it is and how little it differs to the eye of any but an expert from an ordinary example of this kind. Specimen stones are masculine luxuries. They are never set, because even the most delicate setting might hide defects which would make them comparatively valueless. The desire to possess them constitutes the last infirmity of noblemen, for not only are they the most concentrated possible form of property, but the appreciation of them is a most exclusive form of culture.

It may seem strange, but it is true, that there are probably not 50 persons in England who can tell a diamond worth £100 a carat from one worth £25, and of these 50 not a dozen are jewelers. The trade in specimen stones is wholly in the hands of four or five great firms, and minor dealers, who have no custom for this class of gems, know almost as little about them as the laity. It takes years of practice, with such rarity of opportunity as the market affords, to train the eye to recognize exactly the orthodox color of the ruby, emerald or sapphire, and to distinguish a brilliant of the first water from an ordinary "fine stone" demands a delicacy of vision which most persons could never acquire.

Stones may be divided into four distinct classes. Poor stones, obviously bad in color and full of "clouds," "flaws" and "feathers" may be bought (one marvels who buys them) at comparatively exceedingly low prices. The value of two rubies of the same size, for example, might be severally £1 and £1,000 per carat. Then come ordinary stones—stones which a lady may wear without discredit—their flaws and the poverty of their color not being such as to betray them in the wearing except to a practiced eye. Of such stones consist 99 per cent of those worn even by rich women. "Fine stones," being of thrice the value, are only to be seen on the persons of those who are fastidious as well as rich, for though a commonly good judge can detect the difference at once there is too great a temptation with most women to put unconspicuous quantity before unconspicuous quality for the latter to prevail.—Pall Mall Budget.

Royal Perquisites.

A remarkable list of royal perquisites might be made out, and it is very evident that our gracious sovereign does not receive in the annual course of events one-tenth of the articles to which she is entitled. She might not know what to do with them, but that is another matter. There should be, for example, coming in every year a tablecloth worth 3 shillings, two white doves, two white hares, a catapult, a pound of cumin seed, a horse and halter, one pair of scarlet hose, a currycomb, a pair of tongs, a crossbow, a coat of gray fur, a nightcap worth a halfpenny, a lance worth 2 shillings, a falcon, a silver needle from the royal tailor and one very good and one very bad knife.

Such are a few of the numerous and whimsical perquisites once claimed by the sovereign, another curious one mentioned by ancient writers being that when a whale was captured on the coasts it was to be divided between the king and the queen, the former taking the head and the latter the tail. The reason of this division was stated to be that the queen's wardrobe might be furnished with whalebone for the due stiffening of the royal garments.

Whales do not frequent these parts to any great extent nowadays, but every sturgeon brought to land belongs by right to the queen. One of these royal fish, caught in the Thames, figured at her wedding banquet.—London Tit-Bits.

Edison on Precious Stones.

For so called "precious stones" Mr. Edison professes the utmost contempt. "I would not give 50 cents for a cartload of diamonds," said he. It is well known that Mr. Edison is manufacturing rubies by the pound to serve as the bearings of phonographs and other delicate pieces of mechanism. But he says it would be as easy a matter to manufacture sapphires, emeralds, garnets and all other gems except the diamond.

"Anybody can make those stones," said Mr. Edison. "As to the diamond, that is a hard nut to crack, but it will come one of these days, and when diamonds are turned out by the pound and given away in boxes of candy or cigarettes they will reach about their true value. Indeed one man has almost succeeded in making the diamond. He makes a greenish stone of carbon and silicon, which in hardness comes between the diamond and the sapphire and is the next hardest thing to the diamond."—New York World.

A Gigantic Wooden Statue.

In the Japanese capital there is a gigantic image of a woman, made of wood and plaster, and dedicated to Hachiman, the god of war. In height it measures 54 feet, the head alone, which is reached by a winding stairway in the interior of the figure, being large enough to comfortably hold 20 persons. The figure holds a huge wooden sword in one hand, the blade of the weapon being 27 feet long, and a ball 12 feet in diameter in the other. Internally the model is fitted up with an extraordinary anatomical arrangement, which is supposed to represent the different portions of the brain. A fine view of the country is obtained by looking through one of the eyes of the figure. The admission to all parts of the structure is 2 cents.—Tokio Letter.



THE NEXT MORNING I FEEL BRIGHT AND NEW AND MY COMPLEXION IS BETTER.

My doctor says it acts gently on the stomach, liver and kidneys, and is a pleasant laxative. This drink is made of herbs, and is prepared for use as easily as tea. It is called

LANE'S MEDICINE.

All druggists sell it at 50c. and $1.00 per package. Buy one to-day. Lane's Family Medicine moves the bowels each day. In order to be healthy, this is necessary.

I WONDER WHY.

When the winds of fortune wafted,
And life so happy seemed,
And shadows never darkened
Where sunbeams ever gleamed,
And when our feet were steady,
And we could firmly stand—
I wonder why so many
Reached out a friendly hand.

As wealth to us increases,
And our coffers overflow,
And every wish is granted
The longing heart can know,
A question rises ever,
Like the rising of the tide—
I wonder why so many
Are always by our side.

There came a day of shadows
And the tide went out to sea,
And with it went our fortune,
And health and hope did flee.
'Twas then we turned for comfort,
But the sunshine friends had fled.
I wonder why so many
Then coldly turned their head.

I sometimes grow despondent,
It seems so very strange
The friends we had in sunshine
Should with the shadows change.
But hope sometimes will brighten
My soul by doubt so riven.
I wonder if 'tis true
We'll never change in heaven.
—Brooklyn Eagle.

DR. CARAWAY.

For three mortal months the editor of The Wagon Tire Warwhoop had been calling for a physician. It is not meant to be implied that for this length of time the able journalist had been rolling about the floor of his office in violent pain, imploring the general public to call a medical man to his relief, but that he had for three months been using the valuable space of The Warwhoop to direct attention to the fact that there was no doctor in Wagon Tire, and that there was an urgent demand for one. At last his altruistic efforts were rewarded.

One day in August a tall, flimsy young man wearing a white tie and carrying a battered and old fashioned patent leather bag (somebody suggested that the patent had expired) alighted from the train and looked about with an air as if he might stay or might walk back into the car and go on. Before he could do the latter the editor of The Warwhoop stepped up to him, grasped his hand and asked him what his name might be, where he might be from and what he might be going to do in Wagon Tire. A great wave of the quintessence of refined joy welled up in the editorial bosom when the flimsy young man replied that he was the long prayed for physician. Without a word the journalist seized the decaying bag, and holding it in both hands before him as if it were a pot of boiling water led the way to the Frontier hotel.

When The Warwhoop appeared the next day, it announced that, "thanks to our superhuman efforts for the good of the city, a physician has located in our midst at last. He is Dr. Benedict Caraway, M. D., lately graduated from the Flunkmour Medical college of Chicago. Dr. Caraway informs us that he will make a specialty of dangerous diseases." The young man secured an office in the back part of the One Price pharmacy and awaited practice.

Dr. Caraway was not a man to inspire confidence. He was a callow youth, without understanding of medicine or acquaintance with the human system. He never laughed, but was much given to smiling and looking away at the horizon, an astronomical appurtenance which at Wagon Tire was situated about 20 miles distant to any point of the compass. Though apparently weak and irresolute, when consulted professionally he took hold of the case with a firm hand. His prescriptions were invariably long and caused the owner of the One Price pharmacy to whistle softly to himself as he compounded them and cast up the charge with the aid of a lead pencil.

When asked privately by a somewhat wavering patient as to his opinion of Dr. Caraway's ability, this amiable chemist replied: "Oh, Doc ain't none of your big, gilt edged physicians, of course, but when you want plain, honest treatment for a straightforward disease which is on the vital it pretends to be on he can give it to you as well as the next one. With a disease that is willing to fight fair Doc is all O. K." The man got the prescription refilled and went away pondering deeply.

The young man soon had a large practice, for there was no other doctor within 30 miles. Besides, the burning local patriotism of Wagon Tire, fostered by "The Warwhoop," caused the people to follow the maxim to "patronize home industry" at any cost. The town at the time was engaged in a life and death struggle with Red Bird City for supremacy in county capital matters, it being highly probable that the larger place would carry off the prize at election. But it was soon seen that the liberal employment of young Dr. Caraway was doing more hurt than good in this race with the rival town.

"Another old settler and prominent citizen has gone to that bourne from which nobody ever returns," was the constantly recurring announcement of The Warwhoop. "Our late fellow citizen," the account would pathetically conclude, "was attended in his last sickness by Wagon Tire's skillful physician, Dr. Benedict Caraway, M. D. Hick jacet. Requiespace in scat." It was seen that the price being paid for the ability to flaunt a doctor in the face of the physicianless Red Bird was too high. A public meeting was called to consider the dilemma.

Nothing was ever done in Wagon Tire without a public meeting, in which respect it resembled Red Bird City and all other territorial towns. The people assembled in Calliope hall, above the Square Dealing Hardware store. Everybody in town was present except Dr. Caraway, who did not come out of a sense of delicacy. A chairman and secretary were elected, and after the expenditure of a considerable amount of eloquence the following resolutions were adopted:

Whereas, Dr. Benedict Caraway, M. D., a late graduate of the Flunkmour Medical college of Chicago recently settled in our midst; and

Whereas, We have extended to him all the support in our power, calling upon him for treatment many times when it was not needed, both in the case of small temporary sicknesses and in that of diseases of long standing, which were known to be beneficial rather than otherwise; and

Whereas, We could formerly point with pride to an almost total absence in Wagon Tire of deaths from natural causes, the fell destroyer coming among us only when summoned by the unfortunate bark of the six shooter or the beneficial noose of our efficient metropolitan improvement committee, we are now, on the contrary, daily reminded that in the midst of life we are in death by seeing the said Dr. Benedict Caraway, M. D., pursuing his depopulating rounds in our city. Therefore, viewing with alarm the present deplorable state of affairs, be it

Resolved, That the said Dr. Benedict Caraway, M. D., be hereby prohibited from practicing his profession upon human beings and compelled to confine his attention to horses, mules, cattle, swine and citizens of Red Bird City.

Resolved, That the chair appoint a committee of five, to be selected from the Metropolitan Improvement society, to present to the said doctor an engrossed copy of these resolutions, and that the said committee also procure their publication in The Wagon Tire Warwhoop.

But two men voted in opposition to these resolutions—the druggist and the undertaker. Self interest was freely charged against them.

The committee was duly appointed and soon waited on the young physician. He was found in the open square in front of the postoffice writing a prescription for a ranchman on a shingle. He read the resolutions calmly, then looked at the horizon and smiled feebly as he observed, "Well, there are more horses and mules in this country than men, and I guess on the whole they have got more brains than the men."

Dr. Caraway made not the least resistance to the order. He removed the M. D. after his name on the sign, substituted V. S. and was ready for practice on the animal kingdom. "The ease with which our efficient physician," observed The Warwhoop, "turns from man to animals is remarkable. Persons having sick horses, mules, cattle or hogs would do well to consult him early. Calls from Red Bird City to attend the distinguished citizens of that place will be answered promptly."

The doctor's first call in his new field was to treat a horse belonging to Jim Crabstock, president of the board of trade. The young man hurried away to the Crabstock barn with his patent leather bag in his hand. He soon returned and wrote a long prescription, which brought back the druggist's old serenity. Only the undertaker still stood on the sidewalk and cried out against the injustice of the change. He returned to the barn carrying a large bottle, the contents of which he gave to the horse. Then he came out and closed and fastened the door carefully and sat down on an empty cracker box. He sat there a long time, occasionally peeping through a crack in the door at his patient. In reply to the inquiries of Crabstock when that citizen came home to dinner he said:

"Yes, your horse is going to come out all right. What he needs is rest. I just gave him something to make him sleep, and when he wakes up he will be a good deal better."

"You are dead sure you know how to treat the horse?" asked Crabstock.

"Certainly. Isn't that my business?" answered the doctor, with a suspicion of indignation in his voice.

"Mebby you do. I hope so. But the Flunkmour college ain't a vet'rinary school, you know."

"On the contrary, that is precisely what it is." The young man looked away at the horizon proudly and then smiled gently in his old way. Crabstock went into the house.

All the afternoon Dr. Caraway sat on the box and watched the horse through the crack. He beckoned to every man who came within range to come and look at him. Until it was too dark to see he had a procession of men tiptoeing up to the crack and peeping in at the animal. "See how naturally he sleeps," he would say. "That is what the horse wants—rest and sleep. When he wakes up I'll give him this," and he drew another big bottle from the box, "and that will fetch him out all right." He retired to his room about midnight after locking the barn door, but he was again at the crack at sunrise, waiting for the opportunity to administer the other bottle. Soon he was marshaling another procession of men and making them speak in a whisper for fear of waking the horse.

A certain per cent of these lingered to see the second bottle given, so that at 3 o'clock in the afternoon, when the doctor announced that the horse had slept enough and should be wakened, there was a considerable number present. He called upon Judge Durleigh of the county court to carry the bottle and then opened the door. He went in, followed by the crowd, and cautiously approached the sleeping animal. He took hold of one of his feet and pulled gently. The horse was dead.

Subsequently County Coroner Biggert, who happened to drop in, gave it as his unofficial opinion that the animal had died soon after swallowing the first bottle.—New York Tribune.

Bending Iron.

The bending of iron piping and bars of any section without kinking or flattening them is now claimed to be accomplished by a recently invented machine, so constructed that the bedplate may be attached to any improvised bench by means of four screws, there being on this bedplate an upwardly projecting journal, in line with which is a slot in which latter may be adjusted at any distance from the center of the journal a stud or burr.

A lever with a bifurcated end, in which are fitted a large and a small bending wheel, both grooved so that when their perimeters are brought together they exactly fit the pipe or bar to be shaped, constitutes the moving part of the apparatus. And these wheels are interchangeable for other wheels in bending different sizes of bars or pipes. The large bending wheel is passed over the upwardly projecting journal in the bedplate, this journal not only passing through the wheel, but through the bifurcated end of the lever. The smaller wheel is journaled through these counterparts by a pin, which is adjustable to different distances when the large wheel is interchanged.

When the lever is turned so as to abut against the stud or burr, the pipe or bar to be shaped is passed through between the two wheels, and the lever then being turned to a position at right angles with that which it occupied when the pipe or bar was inserted a right angle bend will be formed. —New York Sun.

Solar Heat as a Cure.

Dr. D. V. Thayer of San Francisco says: "During a practice of more than a quarter of a century I have found no caustic or cautery to compare with solar heat in its beneficial results. Unlike other caustics, it can be applied with perfect safety upon the most delicate tissues and is at all times under the control of the operator. It has other advantages—the system receives this treatment kindly. The irritation and inflammation following its application are surprisingly slight and of short duration.

"Another point is in its favor—the pain subsides immediately upon the removal of the lens. I have burned the skin of nearly the whole of one side of the face at one sitting, destroying the cuticle. Within five minutes the burned surface would be free of pain. There is a curative power in the chemical rays of the sun yet unexplained. I avoid blistering, carrying the burden beyond this point, carbonizing the tissue."

In London alone there are between 5,000 and 6,000 people engaged in chimney sweeping. They ply their vocation in 800,000 houses, and in connection with these are over 10,000,000 chimneys.

Directors of physical culture say that heavy dumbbells do more harm than good, as they strain the heart and lungs as well as the muscles they are supposed to benefit.

The United States produce 2,220 pounds of grain to each person; Canada, 1,500; Germany, 700; Scotland, 490, and England 360.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

IN A TRAPPIST MONASTERY.

The Solemn Chanting of the Matin In the Dim Gray of Dawn.

A postulant fetched me and led me through a labyrinth of passages to the church. Although the building was almost in darkness, I could see that it was in the pointed style, and that it was marked by a cold elegance befitting its special purpose. The nave was divided near the middle by a gothic screen of wood artistically carved, although the ornamental motive had been kept in subjection. The half that adjoined the sanctuary was somewhat higher than the other, and here the Trappist fathers had their stalls—the brothers' stalls were in the lower part.

I was led to a place below the screen. The office had already commenced. The monotonous plain chant by deep toned voices had reached me in the corridors. Perhaps it was half an hour later when the chanting ceased. The lamps were darkened in the stalls above the screen—in the lower part there was but one very small light suspended from the vault—then the monks knelt each upon the narrow piece of wood affixed to their stalls for this purpose, and for half an hour with heads bent down they prayed in silence, while the thunder groaned outside and the lightning flashed through the cloister windows.

To the Trappists, who day after day, year after year, century after century, have been going through the same part of their unchanging discipline, heedless whether the stars shone overhead or the lightning glittered, there was nothing in all this to draw their minds from the circle of devotional routine. I alone felt as if I was going down into my grave. The gray light that was now making the ribs of the vaulting dimly visible was like the dawn of eternity breaking through the brief night called death, which is not perhaps so dark as it seems.

At 3 o'clock the chill and awful silence was broken by the white robed prior, who rose from his low posture, like a dead man in his shroud, and began to chant in another tone and measure from what had gone before, and which had in it the sadness of the wind that I heard moaning in the pine tops on the moor before the storm broke. The voice was strong and clear, but so solemn that it was almost unearthly, and it seemed in some strange way to mingle with the purity of the cold dawn that comes when all the passions of the world are still, but which makes the leaves tremble at the crime and trouble of another day.—Temple Bar.

Dancing Classes.

Dancing is so graceful, so charming, so fascinating as an accomplishment, that no young man or woman can be considered to have been properly educated if he or she has not received proper training in this essential social art. To dance well is to be sure of giving and receiving pleasure on many occasions when the person ignorant of dancing must of necessity find the time extremely tedious.

A mother who is foresighted and careful will often arrange a dancing class at her own house for her children and those of her neighbors, engaging the services of a competent instructor and keeping her children and their associates thus strictly under her own supervision.

Dancing classes of grownup young people are select and exclusive affairs under the patronage of some gentle woman or women who are of undoubted position, and who chaperon the class not only on the weekly occasions of their practice, but at the other pleasant social affairs, receptions, theater parties, etc., which are the natural outgrowth of the dancing class. Very charming friendships, sometimes growing into betrothals and happy marriages, are the not infrequent result of the informal acquaintance of the dancing class, where young people are brought together in a happy and natural way, their elders looking on, and the whole pleasant affair being one of the agreeable associations of home life and good neighborhood.—Harper's Bazar.

In That Case—What?

Maurice Barrymore, the actor, is a great wit and wag, and at sharp repartee he is wonderfully clever. One of the acquaintances he made at the Hoffman House is a dapper little agent for a certain brand of champagne and is constantly pushing its sale. Barrymore liked the agent, and he liked his wine, and the two cracked many a bottle together. One day not long ago the agent approached the actor in a confidential manner, and buttonholing him aside said.

'Barry, I have got a new scheme, and you can help me in it if you will."

"Certainly, my boy. What is it?" replied Barrymore.

"Well, as a sort of a side line I have taken the agency of the skoodle water, a very fine beverage."

"That's all right, old man, but what have I to do with water?"

"Nothing, Barry; but you can help me in this way: Sometimes you are out with a party and feel like chopping off on wine and drinking something else. At such times you could assist me by saying to the barkeeper, 'Have you any skoodle water?' "

"Yes," said Barrymore, "but suppose he has?"—Chicago Post.

Frogs.

Frogs, whether blind or not, become dark green or black if they are kept in a dark vessel in a sparingly lighted room, but when a larger branch with green leaves is introduced into the vessel they all recover their bright green color, whether blind or not. In some way unknown the reflected green light acts either upon the nerves of the skin, or—what seems more probable, if Steinach's experiments are taken into account—directly upon the pigment cells. Moreover, the sensations derived from the toes have also an influence upon the changes of color. When the bottom of the vessel is covered with a felt or with a thin wire net, the frogs also become black, recovering their green color when a green branch is introduced into the vessel.—Exchange.

The Plant of Calvary.

Those versed in plant and flower lore say that the celebrated "plant of Calvary" was unknown in the flora of the world prior to the date of the crucifixion of Jesus. According to the tradition, the original plant sprung up in the track made by Pilate when he went to the cross for the purpose of placing that famous "title" over the head of him of whom the Jews said, "Say that he called himself 'King of the Jews.'" The plant, as it is now known, is a common trefoil, resembling the common clover in many particulars, especially in the peculiarities of growth.—New Orleans Times.

SEASIDE SIRENS.

In Lempriere's classical pages
Of Cupid's mamma we have read,
Fair Venus, whom poets for ages
Have called Aphrodite instead.
No matter what scandal has wrung from
Her name, even cynics agree
There's truth in the story she sprang from
The foam of the sea!

Such fanciful fables no longer
Are whispered to sweeten or sell,
Though fiction is certainly stronger
Since Venus stepped out of her shell.
If poets exist, they should sing to
Their sweethearts, yet many there be
Who sigh for the sirens who cling to
The foam of the sea!
—Rochester Post-Express.

To Keep Eggs Fresh Forever.

In France a process has just been invented by which eggs can be preserved fresh for over a year and retain for an indefinite period the freshness of taste characteristic of a new laid egg.

The previous attempts to accomplish this end have all consisted of various ways of varnishing the outside of the eggs so as to prevent the ingress of air to the contents. Every one of those attempts has, however, failed.

A distinguished chemist, M. Stroschein, has conceived the idea of preserving the contents of the egg by injecting a liquid into it.

Each egg contains within its shell a little air chamber, containing sufficient air to decompose the albumen even without the aid of any which might filter through the pores of the shell.

The chemist drives out this air by injecting into it a solution of salt and water. This he does by means of a little syringe similar to those employed for administering hyperdermic injections of morphine.

When every particle of air has been exhausted, the tiny opening is hermetically sealed by means of a drop of sealing wax. The egg then will keep pure and fresh any length of time.—New York Recorder.

The Hairy Woman.

About the middle of the seventeenth century (the earliest tract on the subject in my collection bears date of 1655) a hairy woman named Barbara Urselin Vanbeck was exhibited in all of the principal cities of continental Europe. The tract above referred to, which bears this extraordinary title, "Barbara, the Human Beare; a True Relation of a Woman as Haire as Any Annimile," gives the following account of her: "Her name is Augusta Barbara, and she is the daughter of Balthazar Urselin, and at this time (1655) is in her twenty-second year. Her whole bodie, even to her face, is covered with curled yellowish haire, verrie soft like woole. She has besides a thicke heavie beard that reaches to her girdle, and from her ears hang long tufts of haire of the same yellow colour." Some writers on human monstrosities believe this to be the person described by Bartoline under the title, "Barba, the Female Esau," although there is even more than a slight discrepancy in dates.—St. Louis Republic.

Why He Lost the Seat.

A once famous English barrister who dearly loved a lord, on arriving one day at Homburg, learned that a distinguished member of parliament was staying at the hotel which he had selected. He at once called a waiter and offered him half a napoleon, at the same time requesting that a place might be reserved for him at table d'hote adjoining that of the noble lord. When dinner was served, however, he entered the room and found that the seat was already occupied. He summoned the waiter. "Why was not that place reserved for me?" he demanded angrily. "Well, sir, I'm very sorry," replied the waiter. "You gave me half a napoleon to place you near his lordship, but he gave me a napoleon to put you on the farther side of the table."—San Francisco Argonaut.

A Boundary.

Legal gentlemen who have to "search for title" in the interests of their clients occasionally find in a queerly worded old deed a ray of amusement to lighten their tedious task.

In a deed of land in Lexington, Mass., which bears the date 1784 and was recorded in the registry at Cambridge, one line of the boundary is described as running to "a stump and stones where Daniel Harrington licked William Smith."

Whether the stones were placed around the stump as a monument of the "licking" or of boundary lines is not set forth in this old document.—Youth's Companion.

Chinese Teamaking.

A translation of a Chinese recipe engraved on many teapots manufactured in the Celestial Kingdom is as follows: "On a slow fire set a tripod. Fill it with clear rainwater. Boil it as long as would be needed to turn fish white and lobster red. Throw this upon the delicate leaves of choice tea. Let it remain as long as the vapor rises in a cloud. At your ease drink the pure liquor, which will chase away the five causes of trouble."

His Awful Threat.

"Since you reject me," wildly exclaimed the infatuated youth, "there is nothing for me to do but to promptly put an end to my miserable existence."

" 'Promptly to put an end to my miserable existence,' if you will allow me to correct you, Mr. Tankersley," replied the Boston young woman, pale with horror.—Chicago Tribune.

It Kept Her Awake.

Mrs. Brown—I'm tired out this morning. I was up half the night with the toothache.

Mrs. Jones (sympathetically)—That's too bad. I hope you've seen a dentist this morning.

Mrs. Brown—Oh, it was my husband's tooth that ached!—New York Times.

Contrary to the general belief that Ireland leads the world in its fondness for "praties," statistics show that the people of Germany and Belgium are the greatest potato eaters. The consumption in these countries annually exceeds 1,000 pounds per head of population.

A Complete Establishment.

Johnson Brothers, the popular clothiers at the corner of Mill and Wood streets, are now ready for the Fall and Winter trade. They can dress a man from head to toe in the best style and for a small amount of cash. Their Clothing, Hats, Caps, Underwear, Hosiery, Shoes and Neckwear, are all of the latest styles and best makes. They have suits from $5 to $20, honest goods and well made. Hats, from 40 cts. to $3.00. Underwear from $1.00 to $3.00 per suit; and shoes, well made, neat, strong and substantial, at various prices. For reliable goods, bought from standard houses, go to Johnson Brothers. They keep no auction trash upon their premises.

I was troubled with catarrh for seven years previous to commencing the use of Ely's Cream Balm. It has done for me what other so-called cures have failed to do—cured me. The effect of the Balm seemed magical.—Clarence L. Huff, Biddeford, Me.

After trying many remedies for catarrh during past twelve years, I tried Ely's Cream Balm with complete success. It is over one year since I stopped using it and haven't had return of catarrh. I recommend it to all my friends.—Milton T. Palm, Reading, Pa.

NewspaperARCHIVE®

The Bucks County Gazette

JESSE O. THOMAS, Editor.

OFFICE—CORNER RADCLIFFE AND WALNUT STS.

One dollar per year, in advance.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

THE GAZETTE will be pleased to receive at all times communications upon current topics. Anonymous communications however cannot be noticed. In all cases the writer's name is required, (not for publication) as a guarantee of good faith.

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 26, 1893.

Republican Nominations.

STATE.

JUSTICE OF THE SUPREME COURT.
D. Newlin Fell, Philadelphia.
STATE TREASURER.
Samuel M. Jackson, Armstrong County

COUNTY.

SHERIFF.
Alonzo Nicholas.
RECORDER.
Noah Crouthamel.
REGISTER.
Charles H. Weaver.
CLERK OF ORPHANS' COURT.
Warren S. Ely.
CLERK OF QUARTER SESSIONS.
Patrick Breen.
COMMISSIONERS.
Israel H. Wismer.
William R. Vandergrift.
DIRECTOR OF THE POOR.
Walter Johnson.
AUDITORS.
John Nash.
Samuel H. Harrison.

WHATEVER may be the opinion of Republicans concerning the Judgeship, let no one fail to do his full duty towards electing the Republican Sheriff, Recorder, Register, Clerks of the Courts, Commissioners, Director, and Auditors. Their complete success ought not to be jeopardized by an honest contention involving conflicting views about the choice of a Judge. Especially should the Republicans of Bucks county make a strenuous effort to poll a heavy vote for the State ticket. Let them all, every one, take ardent pride in casting their ballots for D. Newlin Fell, an honored native of Bucks county, for Justice of the [illegible] make a splendid record at the ballot-box in behalf of this worthy son of her soil, who is so admirably qualified to fill the high position for which he has been named. The candidate for State Treasurer likewise deserves Republican support everywhere. Ignoring differences of opinion in one particular, let us all do well our part towards rolling up a great Republican majority in the good old Keystone State.

A DISPATCH from Washington to the New York Sun says that "the Ohio election campaign, which is within about two weeks of the close, has been fought over the question whether the McKinley law shall stand, or a tariff for revenue only be substituted for it. The issue has been kept before the people of that State as sharply as it was possible to have it. The question of repeal of the Sherman law, although the absorbing one elsewhere, has cut hardly any figure at all. Mr. Cleveland has neither uttered a word, nor has the Administration done anything one way or the other. The Committee of Ways and Means, selected after advising with the President, has all the while kept steadily at its labors of framing a tariff bill for revenue only, and the advocates of the McKinley law have kept on defending it as the only true policy."

Ex-Speaker Thomas B. Reed, who has been making speeches at Republican meetings in Ohio, has returned to Washington. He thinks McKinley's election is sure, by a large majority. The Sun's dispatch, quoted above, says the followers of Neal says they hope for his election, and adds: "Should he be elected and McKinley beaten, it will be a great defeat for protection and make the way clear for Chairman Wilson's bill in Congress."

—The extensive woolen and worsted mills of Thomas Dolan & Company, at Oxford and Mascher street, Philadelphia, were silent last Saturday and 2000 men, boys and girls were added to the list of unemployed in Kensington. The mills have not been running on full time for several months, but there was enough doing to keep all the hands partially employed. Mr. Dolan gave as the reasons for closing the works the unsatisfactory condition of trade which he said was mainly owing to the shilly-shallying of Congress on the Silver bill. The dread that the tariff will be meddled with is another cause, he said, and rather than risk the outcome they had closed the mills. No time is set for resumption.

—It is said of Mrs. McFall, the author of "The Heavenly Twins," a book much talked about during the summer, that she is about 30, good looking, the daughter of a naval officer, wears tailor-made gowns and knows a good deal about society.

IN his speech at East Liverpool, O. on Monday evening, Governor McKinley asked what would light the fires in the furnaces, and a man cried: "A hundred thousand majority for McKinley!" The crowd went wild.

THE political morality of a Tammany Democrat, and some others likewise, here, there and everywhere, may be likened to the snakes of Iceland—"There are no snakes in Iceland."

—The United States has now fifteen crematories, and there were 868 incinerations between 1887 and 1892.

OUR PHILADELPHIA LETTER.

PHILADELPHIA, Oct. 24.

Type setting machines are slowly but surely working a change in Philadelphia newspapers. The Record office is thoroughly equipped with the Morganthaler machines with which one man may do the work of three compositors. The operator of this machine simply strikes a letter on the keyboard as does the operator of a typewriter. Every time he strikes a letter a mould or mattrix drops into position and when a line is completed it is cast in a solid block of type as long as a column is wide, and just the width of the type. In making up the paper the foreman lifts these solid lines into the form, and there is little danger of its being pied. The only compositors about the Record office are those occupied in setting heads and display advertisements. The Press is partially equipped with type setting machines of other makes. One of these offices does work for other newspapers setting type at rates lower than are paid to Union compositors. The machines have even affected the Ledger. Through the kindness of George W. Childs compositors on his paper have been paid 45 cents per 1000 ems, while the Union rate was but 40 cents per 1000. The other day Mr. Childs sent word to his compositors that in view of the fact that some of the other Philadelphia newspapers were getting their work done at much less than Union rates and inasmuch as Mr. Childs refrained for the present, from introducing machines, he wished they would request him to reduce wages to the Union standard. The request was accordingly made and the Ledger is now paying 40 cents instead of 45 cents per 1000 ems.

The kindness of publishers towards their employees recalls the acts of John W. Forney. When this veteran in the business found that a number of his compositors had enlisted during the war he called them to him and informed them that as long as they were at the front he would pay their regular wages to their families. Later there came a time when Colonel Forney was not so prosperous and during his trials his compositors manifested in many ways their appreciation of his former kind acts.

A curious specimen was exhibited at the convention of superintendents of railroad bridges held in this city last week. It was a block of Georgia yellow pine about 18 inches either way, and it was thoroughly honeycombed. It was taken from piling at Oyster Beach on the Long Island Railroad and had only been in the water eight months. The honey-combing was done by worms known as torredos. The surface of the wood gave little indication of the rottenness within, for holes made where the worms entered were not so large as a pin head while the burrowing within was almost a inch in diameter. The only way the engineers can guard against this destructive worm is to force creosote into the wood, which is done under a very high pressure.

The work of the charitable organizations is brought out prominently by the present necessities. According to Secretary Smith of the Union Benevolent Association it cost that organization $4000 to distribute $18,000. The Home Missionary Society expended last year $12,000 at a cost of $4000. In other words, out of $3 contributed to this society only $2 reaches the needy. Among the Catholics a willingness to work as well as to give, seems to prevail. The society of St. Vincent De Paul has from 500 to 600 members who make visits to the poor to ascertain their wants and their worthiness. There are no salaries paid and thus $10,000 to $20,000 is distributed annually at a cost less than $100, the bills being chiefly for printing. Rich people generally do not want to come in contact with the needy. They do not want to be worried by the distress of the unfortunate and are content to give of their substance to some of the societies to which they refer all applicants for aid. This necessitates the employment of agents to investigate claims, and see that charity is not bestowed upon the unworthy. So where a rich man gives $2, he should contribute another dollar to pay some one to distribute his gift.

By a unanimous vote the Union League passed a resolution asking the Senate to repeal the Sherman act. President John Russell Young, however, was not present at the meeting. He found it a convenient time to visit Chicago. Judging from his articles in the Star, Mr. Young is more in sympathy with the silver producers than are the other members of the League.

F. D. M.

—A permit was taken out, Tuesday, by J. H. DeVictor, for the rebuilding of the burned harness factory near Holmesburg. The business required 200 hands, when in full operation. The new building will be erected on the site of the old one, and will be two-story, 200 by 40 feet, with an extension back 100 by 40.

—A freight wreck on the Pennsylvania Railroad near Lawerence, N. J., resulted in the death of three tramps The Chicago express ran into the wreck and several persons were injured, one seriously.

WHAT WILL START THE MILLS?

Governor McKinley's speech at Akron at the opening of the campaign was one of the best he ever delivered. The following extracts will be interesting reading here:

With the condition which confronts us, with idle factories and idle men in every part of the country, the present question is, How can they best be set to work? The mills are closed. Will free trade start them? Will a lower tariff rekindle their fires? Will large importations of competitive products made by a cheaper labor increase our domestic production? If the foreign shop is to have easier access to this market with its competitive goods through a lower tariff, will that help American shops? Will freer access to the markets of competitive products increase the demand for American products and American labor? That is the question. Will the larger use of goods of foreign shops competing with our own increase the labor in our own? Will more foreign goods shipped here increase the demand for like domestic goods?

Lower tariff or no tariff makes it easier to bring in foreign goods and harder to dispose of kindred domestic goods. The more foreign goods used competing with ours the less domestic goods will be used, and the less domestic goods which are used the less will be made, while the less men are required to make them, and those who do make them have less work and will have less wages. Do we want to make it easier than it now is to import foreign goods competing with our own? Do we want to have foreign competition, without hindrance or restraint? If we do, free trade or a revenue tariff will accomplish it. If we want our goods made abroad and not at home we should be for a revenue tariff. If we want them made at home we should be for a protective tariff. If we make them at home we will employ American labor. If they are made abroad foreign labor will make them and home labor will be idle. It is no economy to buy foreign goods and leave our own unsold.

They say a protective tariff is a tax and a burden upon the people. It is upon the foreign producer, and his welfare is not our first concern. Idleness is a much greater tax and a much more onerous burden than any tariff tax which can be [illegible] no burden so great as unemployed men; no tax so grievous as poverty. The statesmanship which can supply work to willing hands, consistent with the general national prosperity that has been had in the last thirty years, is the statemanship of good business and of saving common sense. The farmer who has a house full of grown, vigorous sons finds no economy in hiring his neighbors' sons while his own are idle. The country which has a million of its own citizens unemployed will find no economy in employing aliens and strangers of another country to do its work abroad. We want our work done by our own citizens. They must be preferred above all others.

You can not have a revenue tariff or free trade in this country without a complete readjustment of business, not only in the so-called protected industries but in every department of American enterprise and activity. Everybody knows that who chooses to know it. Everybody knows that who is not blinded by partisanship, or who, actuated by heartless greed, would reduce the American condition down to the European condition.

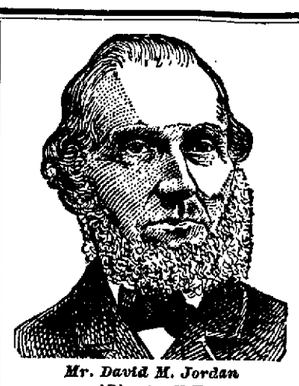
A change from a protective to a revenue tariff involves a revolution of values, of prices, of wages, of every variety of investment. It involves a revolution in the manner of living. Such a change would penetrate every home in the land, and suffering the most cruel would be sure to result.

—In the course of his remarkable address on journalism to the young men of Union College Charles A. Dana, of the New York Sun, said: "What books shall the young man contemplating a newspaper career read? Of all, the most indispensable, the most useful, the one whose knowledge is the most effective, is the Bible. There is no book from which more valuable lessons can be learned. I am considering it now not as a religious book, but as a manual of utility, of professional preparation, and professional use for a journalist. There is perhaps no book whose style is more suggestive and more instructive, from which you learn more directly that sublime simplicity which never exaggerates, which recounts the greatest event with solemnity, of course, but without sentimentality or affectation, none which you open with such confidence and lay down with such reverence; there is no book like the Bible."

—A special meeting of Council was held on last Monday evening to take on action on the Health Ordinance, and the Tax Collector's account. The members present were: Messers. Harkins, Burgess; Fetrow, Kelly, Maule, Smith, Strauser, Weaver, Wright and Wood. The Health Ordinance was taken up and with a few amendments adopted section by section, and then as a whole all the members voting in favor of it. The bonds of Jesse O. Thomas, Secretary of the Board of Health, and, of John W. Wilkinson, Health Officer, were presented, approved and ordered to be filed. The Collector of Delinquent Taxes asked for remits amounting to $47.98, which were granted. Warrants for the arrest of a number of delinquent taxpayers were also ordered. The balance due the borough from the collector being about $100 on the unpaid taxes of 1892, the sureties on his bond for last year were on motion released, and Council then adjourned.

—Buffalo Bill has just bought a $10,000 residence in North Platte, Neb., very near the spot where he killed his first Indian, and there he intends to spend the rest of his life.

—Advertise in the GAZETTE.



Mr. David M. Jordan
of Edmeston, N. Y.

Colorless, Emaciated, Helpless

A Complete Cure by HOOD'S SARSAPARILLA.

This is from Mr. D. M. Jordan, a retired farmer, and one of the most respected citizens of Otsego Co., N. Y.

"Fourteen years ago I had an attack of the gravel, and have since been troubled with my

Liver and Kidneys

gradually growing worse. Three years ago I got down so low that **I could scarcely walk.** I looked more like a corpse than a living being. I had no appetite and for five weeks **I ate nothing but gruel.** I was badly emaciated and had no more color than **a marble statue.** Hood's Sarsaparilla was recommended and I thought I would try it. Before I had finished the first bottle I noticed that I felt better, suffered less, the **inflammation of the bladder** had subsided, the color began to return to my face, and **I began to feel hungry.** After I had taken three bottles I could eat anything without hurting me. Why, I got so hungry that I had to eat 5 times a day. I have now fully recovered, thanks to

Hood's Sarsaparilla

I feel well and am well. All who know me marvel to see me so well." D. M. JORDAN.

HOOD'S PILLS are the best after-dinner Pills, assist digestion, cure headache and biliousness.

ELY'S CREAM BALM CATARRH

Cleanses the Nasal Passages,

Allays Pain and Inflammation,

Heals the Sores.

Restores the Senses of Taste and Smell.



Try the Cure. **HAY-FEVER**

A particle is applied into each nostril and is agreeable. Price 50 cents at Druggists; by mail registered, 60 cents.
ELY BROTHERS, 56 Warren St., New York

MISS ANNA W. CABEEN AND SISTERS
Will Re-open their
SCHOOL,
At their Residence, corner of RADCLIFFE AND FRANKLIN STS., BRISTOL, PA.,
TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 26th, 1893.

A. N. IREDELL
WILL RE-OPEN HER
SCHOOL AND KINDERGARTEN
At her Residence, Radcliffe St., Bristol, Pa.,
SEPTEMBER 26TH, 1893.

FOR 40 YEARS AS
Express Messenger
Between
BRISTOL and PHILADELPHIA.
Residence
205 Lafayette St., Bristol.
Office
BYRNES' CARPET STORE,
37 S. 2d Street, Phila.
F. B. BURKE,
Box 314. BRISTOL, PA.

The Fit of a Shoe.

There's more in it than you think of at first. A little nagging pain and pretty soon your nerves are on edge—then you're cross. Shoes that fit wear better than those that don't fit. They feel better, look better and cost no more. For example—here's a perfect-fitting, slightly and stylish Russian Calf Oxford for $2 25, with the value all in the leather. It costs no more to make a shoe right than wrong. A little care needed—that's all.

At the New Shoe Store on Dorrance Street, recently opened by GEORGE W. BOOTH, the right kind of Shoes, warranted to fit, can be found at reasonable prices. Shoes are also made to order and repairing promptly done.
A full line of Rubber Shoes and Boots, and Heavy Kip Boots for Winter Wear just received.

GEORGE W. BOOTH,
321 DORRANCE ST.,
Bristol, Pa.

P. T. LYONS, Auctioneer
Manufacturer and Dealer in
FURNITURE OF ALL KINDS,
Custom Work and Repairing a Specialty
At Less than Philadelphia Prices
LYONS BAZAAR Sales every Wednesday at 10 A.M. for the sale of HORSES, HARNESS, CARRIAGES, ETC.
OUT-DOOR SALES SOLICITED, AND RETURNS PROMPTLY MADE.
High & Federal Sts., Burlington, N.J.

Best School
No other does as much for its students. No other so handsome in its appointments as
PALMS BUSINESS COLLEGE
In the new Greble Building, 1710 Chestnut St., Phila.
You pay us Fifty Dollars. We educate and assist you in securing A GOOD SITUATION. Circulars free if you name this paper. Thos. W. Palms, Pres.

A. F. Yeutter,
MERCHANT
TAILOR.
Latest Styles.
Popular Prices.
RADCLIFFE STREET,
Near Market,
BRISTOL, PA.

Farms & Houses
FOR SALE AND
TO RENT.
Rents and all Other Bills Collected.
EDW. N. BOOZ,
No. 10 Wood Street, Bristol, Pa

Stop Coughing

Or it will end in consumption. The afflicted should resort at once to Stretch's Balsam Wild Cherry and Horehound, a sure remedy for Asthma, Bronchitis or any pulmonary disease. At all druggists—25 cents. Oct 5-3m.

Don't Tobacco Spit or Smoke your Life Away

is the truthful, startling title of a little book that tells all about No-to-bac, the wonderful, harmless Guaranteed tobacco habit cure. The cost is trifling and the man who wants to quit and can't, runs no physical or financial risk in using "No-to-bac." Sold by all druggists.
Book at Drug Stores or by mail free. Address The Sterling Remedy Co., Indiana Mineral Springs, Ind,

How's This!

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.
F. J. CHENEY & Co., Props. Toledo, O.
We the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligation made by their firm,
West & Truax, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. Walding, Kinnan & Marvin, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.
Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price, 75c. per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Testimonals free. 9 21-4t

Piles or Hemorrhoid

Permanently cured without knife or ligature. No danger or suffering. No delay from business while under treatment. Patients who are responsible need not pay until well. A perfect cure guaranteed. Send for circular. R. REED, M. D., 129 South Thirteenth Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Dr. J. D. Thomas, 912 Walnut Street, Philadelphia,
Makes a specialty of using nitrous oxide gas for the painless extraction of teeth. He has now reached the large number of 190,000 people to whom he has administered it.

Wanamaker's.

PHILADELPHIA, Monday, October 23, 1893.

MORE AND MORE FACTS ABOUT THE WANAMAKER BUSINESS

Gloves—Selected in the Paris shops and offices of actual makers, especially for Philadelphia ladies, cut and made to our order. Kid Gloves here are real Kid.

Millinery—Exact copies of Paris Hats and many original designs.

Costumes—Models of the first Paris artists now in our closets. Originals for sale or copied if desired.

Fur Garments—Royalty will not wear finer Capes, Coats and Cloaks than are here this season.

Cloaks, Coats and Mantles—Very latest styles and the largest variety ever shown here.

Silks—New and incomparable in variety and style. Prices much more reasonable than one would think to look at or feel qualities.

Dress Goods—Vastly superior to any stock we ever knew of in this city. The goods are fine but not expensive here.

Linens—Almost faultless in assortment and absolutely so in price.

Blankets—Very content to compare with even the manufacturers' wholesale prices.

Hosiery—Almost all imported by ourselves. Customers pay only one profit.

Underwear—All tested by years of experience with the makes we sell.

Ribbons—Irresistible in colorings and moderation of price.

Mourning Goods—Refined and beautiful fabrics in blacks of every quality.

Toilet Articles—Conspicuously improved in every way.

Handkerchiefs—Separated into a department with superb stock.

Laces—Without the usual extravagant profit.

Dress Trimmings—No old stock and every conceivable thing at the fairest rate.

Infants' Goods—Dainty and attractive and reasonable.

Muslin Underwear—The "white city" part of the store—a labyrinth of whiteness.

Corsets—Foreign and domestic makes of all the favored shapes.

Zephyrs—Much to suggest that is new and original in all kinds of leisure needlework.

Upholstery—Advance ideas in new goods from abroad specially for this season.

Carpets—Have taken in everything we could lay our hands on that was good enough and cheap enough. An immense warehouse of Carpets.

Rugs—A new department. Rich and rare things at reasonable prices. New gallery, third floor.

Little and Big Boys' Clothes—Unless you like your boys dressed exactly like your neighbors' you will come here where the stock is entirely different from the ready-made Clothing common to most stores.

Girls' and Misses' Coats—All the different makers bring here their best things. You see the products of many minds. New things daily.

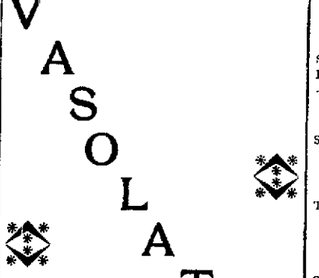
Books—Publishers have done splendidly this year in getting out new things. We have them all with all discounts off and sell them very low.

Shoes—Whatever makes a good Shoe—leather, workmanship, trimmings, careful cutting—is insisted on that our customers may be sure of the best that can be had for their money.

The column is full, but there are scores of other things to be seen to advantage and indeed it is far better to trust to sight and examination than to advertisements, though we never use varnish except in the Furniture department—that never had a fresher stock since the day it started when it was twenty times smaller than now. As to prices, only one word—if you pay less anywhere, you get less. Persons say every day if they had come here before they bought they would be better off.

These are really golden days for purchasers!

JOHN WANAMAKER.



AVERY harrowing tale is connected with a suit of clothes which an acquaintance purchased at a "cheap store" the other day. It wouldn't look well in print, so we'll not tell it. He gave that suit away, though, and bought one of ours. Moral: Shoddy won't go down in the long run.

A. C. YATES & CO.
13TH AND CHESTNUT STS,
PHILADELPHIA.

STRETCH'S
BALSAM
WILD CHERRY
AND HOREHOUND
DOES CURE
Coughs, colds, incipient consumption, asthma, bronchitis, etc. For croup or whooping cough it gives instant relief. It never fails to effect a speedy cure if its use is continued. Accept no substitute. Price 25 cts. At all druggists

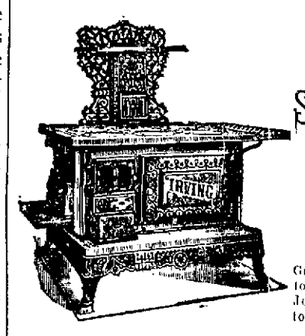
VASOLATUM
Equally as good as Vaseline or Cosmoline at half the price.
DR. PURSELL'S
DRUG STORE.
Mill and Cedar Sts., Bristol, Pa.

Miscellaneous

The Cardemon CARPETS,
AT LIPPINCOTT'S

We have on hand a line of CARDEMON CARPETS, suitable for bed-rooms, sitting, dining and kitchens, hall and stairways, which will be offered you at very reasonable prices. On account of their durability they will be very much cheaper than either Ingrain or Rag Carpets. Nothing has been left undone by the manufacturer to make these grand wearing Carpets, both for quality and colors. Please come see them at

LIPPINCOTT'S, 245 Mill St., Bristol.



Lewis J. Bevan,
DEALER IN
Stoves, Furnaces, Ranges
—AND—
House Furnishing Goods.

Now is the proper time to invest in a first-class Gasoline Stove. Tin Roofing a Specialty. Custom work done in tin, sheet-iron, copper and zinc. Jobbing and repairing in all its branches attended to promptly. Stove repairs of all kinds.

NO. 10 MILL STREET,
BRISTOL, PA.

—REMOVAL.—

J. CURTIS HOWELL & SON,
Have Removed to the Store
Cor. of Wood & Penn Sts.,
(Formerly occupied by Wm. Rayman,)
WHERE WILL BE FOUND
Fine Groceries,
PROVISIONS,
Teas, Coffees, Spices.
Fruits & Vegetables in Season
GIVE US A CALL.

Robert Clark,
Upholsterer and
Cabinet Maker,
No. 28 Radcliffe St.

Furniture Repaired, Upholstered, Carpets sewed and laid, Carpets taken up and cleaned, Mattresses renovated, Window Shades made to order, Chairs re-caned, packing of Furniture, and Repairing promptly and satisfactorily attended to.

—OPENING!—

THE UNDERSIGNED DESIRES TO INform the residents of Bristol and vicinity, that he has opened with a full line of
Ladies', Gents' and Children's
SHOES.
YOUR PATRONAGE IS SOLICITED.
PHILIP WINTER,
33 MILL ST., BRISTOL, PA.

BRISTOL HARDWARE CO.,
323 Mill Street.
A Full Line of
Hardware & Builders' Supplies,
ELECTRICAL SUPPLIES AND JOBBING.
Goods at Philadelphia Prices.

FOR SALE.

THE LARGE LOT AND STABLES ANI Sheds, near Wood and Lafayette Streets. Inquire of JOSEPH S. PEIRCE.

The Public is cordially invited to see my show of . . .
COSMOS,
THE NEW QUEEN OF FALL FLOWERS.

I am now in the midst of my new crop of
ROSES,
CARNATIONS,
VIOLETS,
DAISIES,
And all of the Popular Fall Flowers, all on very long stems. Call and get a Sample . . .
TWENTY-FIVE CENT BOQUET.
Just the thing for a Sick Room. Guaranteed to keep fresh one week.
Floral Emblems of every description at short notice.
J. T. DeWITT,
POND STREET,
9-28-tf ABOVE WALNUT.



GREAT DROP IN
-:BICYCLES:-

In order to compete with the cut made in New York and Philadelphia on Bicycles, I have made the following reductions:

Reading Flyers for	$90,	reduced from	$115
Majestic	" 85,	"	115
Lovell Diamond	" 90,	"	115
Warwick	" 89,	"	150
Credenda Diamond,	70,	"	90

I can sell you a brand new, full size, pneumatic tired Bicycle for $50.
All the above are 1893 models, are new and guaranteed for one year. Call and see me before buying, I can save you money.
I have some great Bargains in second-hand wheels.

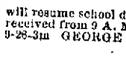
G. Schiesser, Jr,
Cycle Agent,
207 Washington Street.

S. T. VALENTINE,



House and Sign Painter
GRAINER and GLAZIER,
No. 326 Radcliffe Street
BRISTOL, PA.
Estimates for Painting furnished upon application.
Numbers for houses at moderate prices.

Sherman & Peirce,
LUMBER
—AND—
MILL WORK
—AT—
REASONABLE PRICES.
Canal and Dorrance Sts.,
BRISTOL, PA.



DR. J. T. STRADLING,
DENTIST,
No. 21 Market Street,
Bristol, Penna.

B. C. FOSTER,
Watchmaker & Jeweler,
Cor. Mill and Wood Sts.,
BRISTOL, PA.
Has constantly on hand all the new designs in
Gold and Silver Watches,
Jewelry and Silverware,
Spectacles & Eyeglasses,
Black Enamel, Walnut and Oak Clocks.
Particular attention given to Repairing Fine Watches, Clocks and Jewelry. All work done at home and warranted to give satisfaction.

EASTBURN ACADEMY,
No. 709 North BROAD Street, Philadelphia, an unexcelled
School for Boys
will resume school duties September 21. Visitors received from 9 A. M. to 1 P. M.
9-28-3m GEORGE EASTBURN, Ph. D., Prin.

NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®
NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®

The Bucks County Gazette.

Entered at the Bristol Post Office as second class matter.

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 26, 1893.

Upper Delaware River Transportation Company.

IN EFFECT APRIL 8, 1893.

Steamers Columbia, John A Warner and Twilight,

Leave Bristol for Philadelphia, at 7.00, and 10.00 A. M., 2.15 and 4.15 P. M.

Leave Philadelphia for Bristol, at 7.30 and 11.45 A. M., 2 and 4.45 P. M.

SUNDAYS.

Leave Bristol for Phila., at 10.30 A. M. and 4 P. M.

Leave Philadelphia for Bristol at 8.30 A. M. and 2, P. M.

Freight carried at low rates.

Inter-State Steamboat Co.

Steam. Florence

Leaves Bristol at 8.30 A. M. for Phila. Returning leaves Philadelphia, (Arch Street wharf,) at 2.30 P. M.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD TIME TABLE.

Leave Bristol for Phila., (Broad St.) *2.46, 5.35, 6.30, 6.51, 7.19, *8.12, 8.23, *9.14, 9.23, 9.52, *10.26, A. M. 12.05, 12.56, 1.17, *2.40, *3.03, 4.02, *4.58, 5.43, 6.29, *7.00, *7.32, 8.50, 9.27, P. M. Sunday trains, *2.46, 7.00, *8.11, 9.06, *9.23, 10.26 A. M. *12 04, 12 25, 5.05, 5.43, *7.21, 7.30, 8.03, 8.50, 9.28, *11.03 P. M.

Leave Phila. (Broad St.) for Bristol, 12.01, 3.20, 6.07, *6.50, 7.34, 8,25, 8.30, 9.55, *11.14 A. M. 12.01, 1.50, 2.43, 3.32, *4.14, 4.20, *5.00, 5.25, *6.00, 6.05, 6.21, 7.29, 9.17, *10.00, 11.15 P. M. Sunday trains, 12.01, 7.40, *8.25, *8.35, 9.05, 11.45, A. M. 2.00, *5.20, 5.53, 7.25, *8.12, 10.25 P. M.

(*) Express trains.

BRISTOL POST OFFICE.

ARRIVAL AND DEPARTURE OF MAILS.

NEW YORK.--Arrives at 7.00, 10.40 A. M., 2.20, 6.40 P. M. Closes at 7.00, 8.15, 10.40 A. M., 3.30, 7.00 P. M.

PHILADELPHIA.--Arrives at 7.00, 7.45, 10.00 A. M., 1.00, 4.10, 7.20 P. M. Closes at 5.45, 10.00 A. M., 1.40, 3.30, 6.00 P. M.

NEWPORTVILLE.--Arrives at 8.00 A. M. and leaves at 8.07 A. M.

EMILIE, OXFORD VALLEY, &c.--Arrives at 10.10 A. M. Close at 11.15 A. M.

NEWTOWN Stage arrives 11.30 A. M., leaves 1.00 P. M.

WESTERN.--Arrives at 7.45, 10.00 A. M. Mails for the West and South go by every Philadelphia mail.

Post Office closes 8.00 P. M. Saturday, 8.30 P. M. Open Sunday from 8 to 9 A. M.

W. H. H. FINE, P. M.

LOCAL INTELLIGENCE.

—Rev. Dr. E. P. Shields and Rev. E. E. Burris exchanged pulpits last Sunday.

—The W. C. T. U. will hold a business meeting on Wednesday, November 1st.

—The Wood Street A. M. E. Church gives a Lady Washington Tea Party at Riverview Hall this evening.

—Jesse H. Knight, of Hulmeville, on Monday last at private sale sold for Thomas Hambleton, of Bensalem township, his farm of 95 acres to James T. Vansant, of same township, upon private terms.

—J. B. Manson, who was burned out in Yardley, will transfer his place of business to Newtown. Twenty-five hands will be employed in making spools and bobbins for silk worsteds to be used in woolen mills.

—William Pursell, of Upper Black's Eddy, recently had a mule to go mad in a canal stable at Mauch Chunk, Pa. After bitting several other mules, it was shot. It is supposed to have been bitten by a mad dog on a recent trip.

—Instructions are being given how to vote the ticket at the next election. It is very simple now. For a straight ticket make a cross in the circle at the top of the ticket and for a cut ticket you make a cross in the square after every name you want to vote.

—An interesting occurrence at the Carlisle Indian School the other day was the marriage of Otto Wells, a full-blooded Comanche, to Mary Parkhurst, an Oneida girl. After the ceremony they went to Well's home, in this County, where he is a tenant farmer. He is a graduate of the school, which he entered as a blanketed Indian boy.

—James Robertson, aged 30 years, assistant manager of the Robertson Tile Works, was killed at Smith's crossing, Morrisville, by a fast express train shortly after noon on Saturday. There are no gates at the crossing and he was waiting for a freight train to pass. He had just crossed behind the train when an express running at a high rate of speed, and coming in an opposite direction, struck him. He was thrown a distance of thirty feet and badly mangled.

—The Carnival of Nations at the Baptist Church is very interesting, and well worth going to see. The booths representing the different nations are presided over by ladies and gentlemen dressed in appropriate costumes. Useful and fancy articles are offered for sale, and in the New England Kitchen a good supper is provided. The following persons are in charge of the booths: America, Mr. Stephen, Uncle Sam; Mrs. Stephen, Columbia, with cow boys, Yankee School Marm; Japan, Miss Danfield and ladies in Japanese costume; England, Mrs. Brooks with ladies and gentlemen; Scotland, Mrs. C. Kelly with ladies and gentlemen in Scotch plaids; Germany, Mr. and Mrs. Ettenger and family dressed as Germans; Siberia, Mr. Morrison and young ladies in white costumes; Greece, Miss Kate Sooy and aids in Greek costumes; New England Kitchen, Mrs. Tice and ladies; France, Miss Laura Swain and ladies in full dress; Italy, Mrs. S. W. Groff, ladies and gentlemen as Italians. All the foreign flags are kindly loaned by Mr. John Wanamaker.

PERSONAL MENTION.

Miss Eva R. Gould is at the World's Fair.

Miss Lizzie Clayton, of Jamesburg, N. J. has been visiting Mrs. Annie T. Pearce, of this city.

Mr. W. Allen Lorimer left for his home in Thompsonville, Conn., on Saturday last.

Mrs. Mary Tredick, of Germantown, is visiting her daughter, Mrs. Emlen Martin.

Captain and Mrs. R. H. Morris and Armand Morris started on Tuesday for the World's Fair.

Mrs. and Miss Williams, of New York, were the guests of Miss Annie Landreth over Sunday.

Mrs. and Miss Trowbridge, of New Haven, Conn., have been the guests of Miss Nesbit during the past week.

Mrs. Emily Lindsay, who has been at Chicago with her daughter for several years, has returned to Bristol.

Mrs. H. King and daughter, Mrs. Masters, of Yonkers, N. Y., were the guests of Mrs. Burnet Landreth for several days this week.

Alonzo Nicholas, the Republican candidate for sheriff, was in Bristol yesterday. He reports his prospect for election as very favorable.

Mrs. Isaac Ivins accompanied her daughter, Mrs. S. B. Conover, who returned to Port Townsend, Wash., last Monday. Mrs. Ivins will make an extended visit.

THE JUDICIAL CONTEST.

BRISTOL, October 23, 1893.

EDITOR GAZETTE:—I have always been a Republican, and the Republican party has always been good enough for me. I started with it in the beginning, therefore, my Republicanism extends away back. I have never felt that I had the slightest need for the Democratic party. On election days I have never bothered myself with Democratic tickets except to vote against them and do my part towards defeating them. This has invariably been a cheerful service which perfectly agreed with my constitution.

Still, I am not such a fool as to think that there are no good Democrats. How a good Democrat ever became allied to the Democratic party, still sticking to it through good report and evil report like scales on a fish, has always been a mystery to me, puzzling to the understanding. There are some things in heaven and earth that are past finding out, even by the aid of the most penetrating wisdom.

I read carefully the long article on the "Judgeship" in last week's GAZETTE. I read it with critical inspection and close attention. It contains much aliment for thought, and seems to present the case fairly, honestly, and dispassionately. It almost persuaded me to be a Christian so far as to hope that a good Judge may not be repudiated by good people. It gave support to the impression that I should not be dolefully unhappy, or be disturbed by wakeful solicitude, if Judge Yerkes should be re-elected, even by the substantial aid of Republican votes.

The article in question makes it clear to my mind that the Republican Convention which made a nomination for the Judgeship performed an extraordinary act. It seems to me that it assumed the functions of another convention, and its action, if this be the case, rests upon no authority which Republicans are bound to recognize. Suppose the regular Judicial Convention had made a nomination not entirely satisfactory to a goodly number of Republicans, would that fact have justified the County Convention in presenting another candidate? Would it not have had as good a right to make a nomination under those circumstances as under any others? Would such a course have been any more irregular than the course that was pursued? If our party has rules whereby we have consented to be governed, let us manifest our allegiance to them at all times, otherwise our steps may lead to confusion and disorder.

As a loyal Republican I am not willing to condemn the Judicial Convention. I am not willing to repudiate its action or scorn its decision. It was a representative body of the Republican party, and its members acted according to their deliberate judgment and honest convictions. No true Republican need hesitate to act according to its clear intent and the logic of its procedure. There was meaning in its action and it meant well.

The fact that Judge Yerkes is an official terror to evil doers does not seriously blemish his reputation with law-abiding citizens. That is an evidence of shining merit. The more he is hated by criminals the more earnestly should order-loving people cling to him, and give him the assurance of moral and tangible support. I speak of him without reference to the fact that he is a Democrat. I speak of him as a Judge. When he became Judge he put away partisanship, which has no place on the bench. I might wish that he were a Republican, so that I could vote for him without vexing my conscience, but even in that case he might not be a shade better than he is, or develop a higher trait of excellence in expediting the business of the court. Neither might it be possible for him to be more successful in causing viciousness to wince.

A REPUBLICAN.

DEAD LEAVES.

One by one, the leaves are falling,
Slowly falling, one by one;
Where the birds are sadly calling,
Calling back the summer sun.
Sorrowed by the falling leaves,
Every summer songster grieves.

On the chilly earth they're resting,
Hidden in the quiet wood;
Where the summer bird was nesting,
Where the summer roses stood.
Dust to dust, they're now returning,
The cruel winds their ashes spurning.

As leaves the heartless frost destroys,
One by one my kinsmen fall;
As flitting shadows, all our joys
Pass as quickly, one and all;
To-day, in life; in death, to-morrow;
Earth boasts but little else than sorrow.

Oct. 23. C. C. A.

RELIGIOUS REVIVAL AT TULLYTOWN.

On Tuesday evening three wagon-loads of enthusiastic Methodists journeyed to Tullytown, for the purpose of assisting their brethren and sisters of that place in the duties attendant upon the evangelical services, which are now being held in that church, under the leadership of Evangelist Hyde. The Bristol delegation was received with open arms, and combining their efforts with those of their Tullytown colleagues, threw heart and soul into the work, and, judging from the happy smile which illuminated their countenances upon the return home, their efforts to bring about a manifestation of God's power were not in vain. Although the services have been held only a few nights, yet, nearly forty, many of whom are men, have been converted to God. It seems as if a great tidal-wave or avalanche of "conviction over the unsettled condition of their souls" has swept down upon the people of Tullytown. Pastor Judd is being called upon daily to administer to the wants of sin-burdened hearts. Appeals are made at the meetings to pray for father, mother, sister, brother or some dear friend who is yet outside of the fold of Christ. The feeling has reached such a heighth that the pastor has concluded to continue the services indefinitely. May God continue to manifest his Divine power in that community, may Pastor Judd be wonderfully blessed in the good work in which he is engaged, and may even better results be obtained in the future than in the past, is the earnest wish of their Bristol friends. X. Y. Z.

LUCY STONE.

This distinguished woman closed her busy career last week at the age of seventy-five. Her death makes a conspicuous vacancy in the ranks of those reformers who earnestly espouse the cause of woman.

The women of the present, the women of the future, will never fully realize the magnitude of their debt to Lucy Stone. Their welfare, their interests, their happiness in the home and in the active walks of life, were fast bound up in her sympathetic heart; and her highest desire, glowing with perennial fervor, was to promote that welfare, protect and intrench those interests, and give assurance to that happiness by seeking to establish fairer conditions for her sex. She dedicated her life to the beneficent work of clearing away the disabilities that hamper her fellow-women. Her political philosophy might be expressed in the simple formula that 'all human rights inhere in each human being,' and that women are entitled, in all directions, to equal and exact justice as if it were a right divine. That well-worn phrase defining "taxation without representation," was to her, not a 'glittering generality,' but a 'blazing ubiquity.'

She seemed to have been born for her work. Her activity in its pursuit never languished; her energies were untiring; her determination knew no faltering; her enthusiasm had all seasons for its own; and her serene hopefulness, like her steadfast devotion, never forsook her. Her sweet and gentle voice was happily kindled with the eloquence of persuasion. By that subtle art she won converts and disarmed foes. She seemed to possess a secret power whereby she could augment the ranks of her co-workers unceasingly, and her influence in bringing the thoughts of others into unison with her own was incalculable. Wherever she discerned a prospect to win allies to her side, there would her steps confidently lead. Her winning nature, imbued with perfect sincerity, and supplemented by her cheerful and smiling persistency, sheltered an irresistible force. This sometimes had all the effect of grave and imposing argument. It carried a charm kindred to the genial rays of the sun in the fable, which silently accomplished what the rude blasts struggled over in vain. There was no harshness in her nature.

She never could passively tolerate wrong, least of all the wrong implied by woman's subjection. Tyranny in any form invited her resistance. She was for the right always, always for human rights, and ever for woman's enfranchisement. She was a great leader of a great cause, and she saw that cause win triumph after triumph. The changes of half a century touching the status and the privileges of womankind, changes that trace their record in every avenue of human energy, may be classed among the shining marvels of our times. How these changes were wrought, what power brought them forth, the story of such a life as Lucy Stone's eloquently declares.

Her uppermost thought was to do good in the world; her highest endeavor was to bless the world of women. "Good work," she once said, "is never lost, and the doing it is its own exceeding great reward." Her last articulate words, faintly whispered in her daughter's ear, were these—"Make the world better." The world is better for women, better for men—it is better for us all—because Lucy Stone has lived.

A zealous reformer, an illustrious daughter of America, a noble example of womanhood, has gone "to the other side." J. K. W.

The Advertising

Of Hood's Sarsaparilla is always within the bounds of reason because it is true; it always appeals to the sober, common sense of thinking people because it is true; and it is always fully substantiated by endorsements which, in the financial world would be accepted without a moment's hesitation.

Hood's Pills cure liver ills, constipation, biliousness, jaundice, sick headache, indigestion.

An Ordinance

For the Better Preservation of the Public Health, and Providing for the Record of Marriages, Births and Deaths within the Borough of Bristol.

The Burgess and Council of the Borough of Bristol do ordain:

SECTION 1. That whatever is dangerous to human life or health, whatever renders the air or food or water or other drink unwholesome, and whatever building, erection, or part or cellar thereof, is over-crowded, or not provided with adequate means of ingress and egress, or is not sufficiently supported, ventilated, sewered, drained, cleaned or lighted, are declared to be nuisances, and to be illegal, and every person having aided in creating or contributing to the same, or who may support, continue or retain any of them, shall be deemed guilty of a violation of this ordinance, and also be liable for the expense of the abatement and remedy therefor.

SECTION 2. No house-refuse, offal, garbage, dead animals, decaying vegetable matter, or organic waste substance of any kind, shall be thrown on any street, road, ditch, gutter or public place within the limits of this Borough, and no putrid or decaying animal or vegetable matter shall be kept in any house, cellar or adjoining out-building or grounds for more than twenty-four hours.

SECTION 3. No person or persons, without the consent of the Board of Health, shall build or use any slaughter house within the limits of this Borough, and the keeping and slaughtering of all cattle, sheep and swine, and the preparation and keeping of all meat, fish, birds or other animal food, shall be in the manner best adapted to secure and continue their wholesomeness as food; and every butcher or other person owning, leasing or occupying any place, room or building wherein any cattle, sheep or swine have been, or are killed or dressed, and every person being the owner, lessee or occupant of any room or stable wherein any animals are kept, or of any market, public or private, shall cause such place, room or building, stable or market, to be thoroughly cleansed and purified, and all offal, blood, fat, garbage, refuse and unwholesome and offensive matter to be removed therefrom at least once in every twenty-four hours after the use thereof for any of the purposes herein referred to, and shall also at all times keep all woodwork, save floors and counters, in any building, place or premises aforesaid thoroughly painted or whitewashed; and the floors of such building, place or premises shall be so constructed as to prevent blood or foul liquids or washings from settling in the earth beneath.

SECTION 4. No blood-pit, dung-pit, offal-pit or privy-well shall remain or be constructed within any slaughter house. Any one offending against this rule shall be guilty of creating and maintaining a nuisance prejudicial to public health, and shall be required to remove the nuisance within ten days from the date of notice.

SECTION 5. No person or company shall erect or maintain within the limits of this Borough any manufactory or place of business dangerous to life or detrimental to health, or where unwholesome, offensive or deleterious odors, gas, smoke, deposit or exhalations are generated, such as tanneries, refineries, manufactories of starch, glue, leather, chemicals, fertilizers, gas, etc., without the permit of the Board of Health, and all such establishments shall be kept clean and wholesome so as not to be offensive or prejudicial to public health; nor shall any offensive or deleterious waste-substance, refuse or injurious matter be allowed to accumulate upon the premises. And every person or company conducting such manufacture or business shall use the best approved and all reasonable means to prevent the escape of smoke, gases and odors, and to protect the health and safety of all operatives employed therein.

SECTION 6. The business of bone and horse-boiling shall not be allowed, unless conducted under cover, the building to be provided with smoke-consumers, and a due regard be had to cleanliness in the disposition of the offal. No bone-boiling establishment or depository of dead animals shall be kept or erected in any part of this Borough, without a permit from the Board of Health.

SECTION 7. All proprietors of bone-boiling establishments not having on first day of November, 1893, permits to carry on the business, and violating these ordinances, shall be fined for every such offense, and for each month's continuance of the same, after notice, and also be liable to an indictment at common law for creating and maintaining a nuisance.

SECTION 8. The keeper or keepers of a livery or other stable shall keep his or their stable and stable-yard clean, and shall not permit, between the 15th day of May and the 1st day of November, more than four wagon-loads of manure to accumulate in or near the same at any one time, except by express permission of the Board of Health.

SECTION 9. No pig-pen shall be built or maintained within the limits of this Borough.

SECTION 10. No privy-vault, cess-pool or reservoir into which a privy, water-closet, cess-pool, stable or sink is drained, unless it is water-tight, shall be constructed within fifty feet of any well, spring or other source of water used for drinking or culinary purposes. Earth privies and earth closets, with no vault, pit or depression below the surface of the ground, shall be excepted from this regulation, but sufficient dry earth or coal ashes must be used daily to absorb all the fluid part of the deposit, and the contents must be completely removed at least once every month.

SECTION 11. All privy-vaults, cess-pools or reservoirs as above-named, shall be cleaned out at least twice a year—once in the spring not later than the 15th of May, and once in the autumn not earlier than the 15th of October.

SECTION 12. [illegible] pool or sink has been declared a nuisance by the Board, and after five days notice to the owner or occupier of the premises, and the owner or occupier neglecting to abate such nuisances, the Board may proceed to cleanse the same, and shall recover the cost thereof from the owner or occupier of the property, as debts of like amount are now recoverable by law.

SECTION 13. All sewer-drains within the limits of this Borough shall be water-tight.

SECTION 14. All pipes connecting a water closet with a soil-pipe shall be trapped, each separately. All waste-pipes shall be trapped, each separately, and close to the connection with each bath, sink, bowl or other fixture, unless adequate provision is made for downward ventilation through said waste-pipes, in which case one trap may serve for several fixtures.

SECTION 15. All soil-pipes shall be carried at their full size through the roof and left open. A provision shall also be made for admitting air to the house-drain side of the main trap, if such trap exists.

SECTION 16. The joints in the vitrified pipe shall be carefully cemented under and around the pipe, and the joints in the cast iron pipe shall be run and calked with lead.

SECTION 17. All changes in direction shall be made with curved pipes. All joints and pipes shall be made air-tight. The whole work shall be done by skillful mechanics, in a thorough and workmanlike manner, and satisfactorily to the Board of Health.

SECTION 18. Before proceeding to construct any portion of the drainage system of a hotel, tenement, dwelling house or other building, the owner, builder or person constructing the same, shall file with the Board of Health a plan thereof, showing the whole drainage system, from its connection with the common sewer to its terminus in the house, together with the location and size of all branches, traps, ventilating pipes and fixtures.

SECTION 19. All drains now built shall be reconstructed whenever in the opinion of the Board of Health it may be necessary.

SECTION 20. The following named diseases are declared to be communicable and dangerous to the public health, viz: Small Pox (Variola, Varioloid), Cholera (Asiatic or Epidemic), Scarlet Fever (Scarlatina, Scarlet Rash), Measles, Diphtheria (Diphtheritic Croup, Diphtheritic Sore Throat), Typhoid Fever, Typhus Fever, Yellow Fever, Spotted Fever (Cerebro-Spinal Meningitis), Relapsing Fever, Epidemic Dysentery, Hydrophobia (Rabies), Glanders (Farcy), and Leprosy, and shall be understood to be included in the following regulations, unless certain of them only are specified:

SECTION 21. Whenever any householder knows that any person within his family or household has a communicable disease, dangerous to the public health, he shall immediately report the same to the Board of Health, giving the street and number, or location, of the house.

SECTION 22. Whenever any physician finds that any person whom he is called upon to visit has a communicable disease, dangerous to the public health, he or she shall immediately report the same to the Board of Health, giving the street and number or location of the house, on the receipt of which report the Board of Health shall appropriately mark such infected house, and shall immediately notify the teacher or principal of every school, academy, seminary or kindergarten in the Borough, requesting said teachers or principals to dispense with the attendance of all pupils residing in the family in which such disease exists. No physician who may, in good faith, in obedience to this ordinance, report a case as one of communicable disease which subsequently proves not to be such, shall be liable to a suit for damages for such error in reporting. It shall be the duty of such physican, and of all other attendants upon persons affected with such diseases, to avoid exposure to the public of any garments or clothing about their own persons that may have been subject to the risk of infection.

SECTION 23. No person shall within the limits of this Borough, unless by permit of the Board of Health, carry or remove from one building to another, any patient affected with any communicable disease, dangerous to the public health. Nor shall any person by any exposure of any individual so affected, or of the body of such individual, or of any article capable of conveying contagion or infection, or by any negligent act connected with the care or custody thereof, or by a needless exposure of himself or herself, cause or contribute to the spread of disease from any such individual or dead body.

SECTION 24. There shall not be a public or church funeral of any person who has died of Asiatic cholera, smallpox, typhus fever, diphtheria, yellow fever, scarlet fever or measles, and persons dying of such diseases shall be removed and buried within thirty-six hours after such death, and the family of the deceased shall in such cases limit the attendance to as few as possible, and take all precautions possible to prevent the exposure of other persons to contagion or infection; and the person authorizing the public notice of death of such person, shall have the name of the disease which caused the death appear in such public notice.

SECTION 25. No person suffering from, or having very recently recovered from, small pox, scarlet fever, diphtheria, yellow fever or measles, shall expose himself, nor shall any one expose any one under his charge in a similar condition, in any conveyance, without having previously notified the owner or person in charge of such conveyance of the fact of such condition as above stated. It shall be the duty of the Board of Health to have this section printed on a card, and to furnish the owner of each public conveyance with a copy thereof; and it shall be the duty of the owner of such conveyance to display such card in such conveyance. And the owner or person in charge of such conveyance must not after the entry of any person so infected into his conveyance, allow any other person to enter it without having sufficiently disinfected it under the direction of the Board of Health.

SECTION 26. No person shall let or hire any house, or room in a house in which a communicable disease, dangerous to the public health, has recently existed, until the room or house and premises therewith connected have been disinfected to the satisfaction of the Board of Health; and for the purposes of this section, the keeper of a hotel, inn or other house for the reception of lodgers, shall be deemed to let or hire part of a house to any person admitted as a guest into such hotel, inn or house.

SECTION 27. Members of any household in which small pox, diphtheria, scarlet fever or measles exists, shall abstain from attending places of public amusement, worship or education, and, as far as possible, from visiting other private houses.

SECTION 28. The clothing, bed clothing and bedding of persons who have been sick with any communicable disease, dangerous to the public health, and the rooms which they have occupied during such sickness, together with their furniture, shall be disinfected under the direction of the Board of Health.

SECTION 29. No animal affected with a communicable disease, dangerous to the public health, shall be brought or kept within the limits of this Borough, except by permission of the Board of Health, and the bodies of animals dead of such disease or killed on account thereof, shall not be buried within five hundred feet of any residence, nor disposed of otherwise than as the said Board or its Health Officer shall direct.

SECTION 30. No milk which has been watered, adulterated, reduced or changed in any respect from its natural condition by the addition of any foreign substance, shall be brought into, held, kept or offered for sale at any place in this Borough.

SECTION 31. No meat, fish, birds, fowls, fruit, vegetables, milk and nothing for human food, not being then healthy, fresh, sound, wholesome, fit and safe for such use, nor any animal or fish that died by disease, and no carcass of any calf, pig or lamb, which at the time of its death was less than four weeks old, and no meat therefrom shall be brought within the limits of this Borough or offered or held for sale as food anywhere in said Borough.

SECTION 32. It shall the duty of the occupant of every house within the limits of this Borough to cleanse the cellars thereof of all dirt, vegetable and other impure matter calculated to engender disease, and to cause them to be thoroughly whitewashed with fresh lime, at least once a year prior to June 15th.

SECTION 33. It shall be the duty of the Health Officer to visit each house in the Borough at least once in every year to inquire into and investigate the sanitary condition thereof.

SECTION 34. It shall be the duty of the Borough Police or the Health Officer, to flush and drain the gutters of the streets at such periods as the Board shall direct.

SECTION 35. It shall be the duty of every adult and every parent, guardian or master of every minor, residing within the limits of this Borough, who has not had small pox, or been vaccinated so as to have taken cow pox regularly, to be, if an adult, vaccinated, or, in the case of a minor, to cause such minor to be vaccinated within six months from the date of the passage of this ordinance, unless unable to do so by reason of poverty; and it shall be lawful for any regularly educated physician residing in this Borough, on application of such resident adult or parent, master or guardian of such resident minor, as are unable by reason of poverty to pay the vaccination fee, to vaccinate said adult or said minor, and present his bill therefor, properly authenticated, for an amount not exceeding 50 cents for such services, and to recover the same of and from the corporation.

SECTION 36. No pupil shall be allowed to attend the public schools in this Borough who has not been vaccinated successfully.

SECTION 37. No parent, guardian or master, in whose house or family there shall have been a communicable disease, dangerous to public health, shall permit any child residing in said house or family to attend any public, private or Sunday school, after the cessation of said disease, within a period of ten days after the house shall have been thoroughly disinfected and cleansed. And it shall be the duty of the School Board to have this section printed on cards, mentioning the names of diseases declared communicable and dangerous to the public health in this ordinance, and posted in every school room in this Borough; and it shall be the duty of each teacher to read the section to the school at least once a month, and whenever any epidemic shall appear. And it shall be the duty of the Board of Health to have this section printed on cards and furnished to every private school, academy, seminary, kindergarten and Sunday School in this Borough, and to request the person or persons in charge of such private institutions to to post such cards in conspicuous places, and read the section to the school at least once a month, and whenever any epidemic shall prevail.

SECTION 38. Every physician who has attended a deceased person prior to death, shall furnish to the undertaker or other person who may have charge of the funeral, a properly filled out certificate of the death and its probable cause, in accordance with the form prescribed by the State Board of Health; and the undertaker shall present the same to the designated officer or member of the Board of Health, and obtain a burial or transit permit thereupon, at least twenty-four hours before the time appointed for such funeral; and he shall not remove any dead body until such burial or transit permit shall have been procured.

SECTION 39. Every person who acts as a sexton or undertaker, or cemetery keeper, within the limits of this Borough, or has the charge or care of any tomb, vault, burying-ground or other place for the reception of the dead, or where the bodies of any human beings are deposited, shall so conduct his business and so care for any such place above-named, as to avoid detriment or danger to public health; and every person undertaking preparations for the burial of a body dead from communicable diseases as hereinbefore [illegible] the Board of Health may prescribe to prevent the spread of such disease. No dead body shall be exhumed and removed between the months of May and October inclusive.

SECTION 40. It shall be the duty of every physician to make a return to the Secretary of the Board of Health, of every birth within the Borough, at which he may officiate, in the first week of the following month, giving the date of birth, name of child (if named), sex, color, place of birth, name of father and mother and their birth places, and the occupation of the father. And for the purpose of enabling physicians to make such returns in proper manner they shall be provided with blank forms of report.

SECTION 41. It shall be the duty of every clergyman, justice of the peace or magistrate, having power to perform marriages, or clerk of any society under whose care such ceremony is performed, within this Borough, to submit to the Secretary of the Board of Health in the first week of the month following, a report of all marriages at which he may officiate, giving the names of the parties, ages, color, occupation of each and date of marriage. In order that such clergymen, justice of the peace, magistrate and societies may make proper returns they shall be furnished with blank forms of report.

SECTION 42. Every person violating Sections 3, 5, 6, 7, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 28, 29, 30, 31 of this Ordinance, shall be liable, for every such offence, upon conviction before the burgess or any magistrate, to a fine of not less than $10 or more than $100, at the discretion of the convicting burgess or magistrate, besides costs, which the convicting burgess or magistrate may inflict if he sees fit.

SECTION 43. Every person violating any other section or provison of this Ordinance, shall be liable for every such offence, upon conviction before the burgess or magistrate, to a fine of not less than $3 or more than $20, at the discretion of the convicting burgess or magistrate, besides costs, which the convicting burgess or magistrate may inflict if he sees fit.

SECTION 44. All police officers, constables and watchmen are enjoined, and all citizens are respectfully desired to give information to the Board of Health of any violation of these ordinances, so that the sanitary laws providing for the cleanliness and health of the Borough may be fully executed, and all offenders promptly punished.

SECTION 45. All ordinances or parts of ordinances inconsistent with or contrary to the provisions of this Ordinance are hereby repealed.

Enacted into an ordinance at the Council Chamber this 23d day of Oct., A. D. 1893.

T. B. HARKINS, Burgess.

Attest—J. WESLEY WRIGHT, Clerk.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.

IN THE ORPHANS' COURT OF BUCKS COUNTY.

In Re: Estate of Adam Patterson.

The undersigned Auditor, appointed by the Orphans' Court of Bucks County, to distribute the balance of $3,849.37 remaining in the hands of David Taylor, administrator of Adam Patterson, late of the Borough of Morrisville deceased, and to pass upon disputed questions arising in the said estate, hereby gives notice that he will meet all of the parties in interest at his office in the Borough of Bristol, on Monday, the 20th day of November, A. D. 1893, at ten o'clock A. M., when and where they may attend if they see proper. A. WEIR GILKESON, Auditor.

10-26 3t

ORPHANS' COURT SALE OF REAL ESTATE.

In pursuance of an order of the Orphans' Court of the County of Bucks, will be sold on the premises in the Township of Falls, Bucks County, Pennsylvania, at 2 o'clock P. M., on MONDAY, the 20th DAY of NOVEMBER, A. D. 1893,

The following described real estate, to wit: All that certain messuage and lot of land, situate in the Township of Falls aforesaid, bounded and described as follows, Beginning at a marked Lombardy Poplar tree standing on or near the Southside of the Tullytown and Bordentown road; thence by land now or late of A. S. Kemble, South ½ degrees East, 73 3-10 perches to a stone on the line of land of William A. White; thence along his line South 89 degrees West, 24 5-100 perches to a stone corner of land late of William Firman, now of William A. White; thence by the same, North 4 degrees West, 73 perches to a stone in the said road; thence along said road, North 85 degrees East, 29½ perches to a stone; thence South 5½ degrees West, 2 2-10 perches to the place of beginning; containing 11 acres and 152 perches of land.

The improvements consist of a 2½ story frame dwelling house, tin and shingle roof, 36x16, with one-story kitchen attached, 13x16; 3 rooms on first floor, 2 on second and two garret rooms. Frame barn 36x22, one-story stable attached 18x12; wood house 12x16, corn crib, etc. A good well of water under shed at house. This is a nice little farm, the land is in a good state of cultivation, and is altogether a very desirable place. School house and post office near.

Terms of sale will be made known on the day of sale by ARTHUR C. IVINS, THOMAS C. IVINS, Executors of Robert Wright.

Auctioneer, JOSEPH BROWN.

FOR SALE.

A LARGE BROWN HORSE IN FINE Condition, and suitable for driving or any business. Sound, kind and true to pull. Reason for selling moving into Philadelphia.

Address or apply to WM. S. GRANT, JR., Bristol, Bucks County, Pa.

10 12-3t

IN THE COURT OF COMMON PLEAS OF BUCKS COUNTY.

To the heirs and legal representatives of ISAAC COMLEY, Deceased.

Take notice that at Court of Common Pleas, held at Doylestown, in and for the County of Bucks, on the 10th day of October, A. D. 1893, the petition of Lucius S. Landreth, Esq., executor of the last will and testament of Emily N. Perkins, late of the Borough of Bristol, deceased, was presented, setting forth that in the will of the said Emily N. Perkins, duly proved and remaining of record in the office of the Register of Wills at Doylestown, in and for the County of Bucks, it is inter alia thus contained:

"Eleventh. I give to my executor full power and authority to sell, at public or private sale, my house on Radcliffe street, Bristol, for the payment of the bequests herein made, without liability on the part of the purchaser to see to the application of the purchase money."

That the said house and lot on Radcliffe street, Bristol, was devised to the said Emily N. Perkins by her husband, William S. Perkins, under the residuary clause of his last will and testament, bearing date January 17th, 1890, duly proved and remaining of record in the office of the Register of Wills at Doylestown, in and for the County of Bucks, and is the same premises conveyed to the said William S. Perkins by Jane Green, under deed dated September 1st, 1877, recorded at Doylestown in Book 185, page 70, the said Jane Green deriving her title from Charles W. Peirce by deed dated April 1st, 1872, and recorded at Doylestown in Book 162, page 540.

That an examination of the records discloses the fact that there remains against the said property, unsatisfied of record, a certain mortgage made and executed by Charles W. Peirce to John K. Wildman, trustee of the funds of the estate of Charles Wildman, deceased, bearing date April 1st, 1863, and recorded in Mortgage Book 40, page 333, to secure the payment of the sum of $2,300, "upon all that certain messuage, tenement and lot of land, situated in Bristol borough, bounded and described as follows: Beginning at a corner at the Northwesterly side of Radcliffe street, being the Southwesterly corner of Elizabeth Jenks' lot, and fifty feet from the Southwesterly side of Franklin street; thence along the Northwesterly side of Radcliffe street and opening thereon, South 63 degrees and 20 minutes West, 30 feet to a corner; thence by land of James Conlant, North 29 degrees and 20 minutes West, about 220 feet to a corner on the Southeast side of Cedar street; thence along the Southeasterly side of Cedar street and opening thereon, North 63 degrees 20 minutes East, 30 feet to another corner of the said Elizabeth Jenks' lot; thence by the same, South 29 degrees and 20 minutes East, about 220 feet to the place of beginning, containing about 6-100 of an acre of land, be the same more or less."

That the said premises described in the said mortgage are the same premises mentioned in the will of the said Emily N. Perkins, as aforesaid.

That your petitioner finds among the papers of the said Emily N. Perkins, deceased, a bond and warrant of attorney executed by Charles W. Peirce and John K. Wildman, trustee of the funds of Charles Wildman, deceased, for the payment of $2,300 bearing date the first day of April, 1863, but that diligent and careful search has failed to discover the said mortgage.

That endorsed upon the said bond is the following: "For value received, I do hereby assign and set over the within obligation and all moneys due thereon, unto Isaac Comley, M.D., his executors, administrators and assigns. Witness my hand and seal this 29th day of April, A. D. 1864.

"(Signed) JOHN K. WILDMAN,
Witness present, "Trustee. (Seal.)"
Joseph B. Pennington,
J. V. Buckman.

And also endorsed upon the said warrant of attorney: "Received Fourth month, first, 1873, of Jane Green, the sum of $2,300 principal, and $69.00 interest, due on the annexed bond in full, and hereby agree to enter satisfaction on the record of the accompanying mortgage.

"(Signed) ISAAC COMLEY."

Principal,	$2,300.00.
Interest,	69.00.
	$2,369.00.

That, as will appear by the recitation of title hereinbefore contained, the said Jane Green was a former owner of this said premises.

That, as will appear by the answer of John K. Wildman, attached hereto, the said Isaac Comley, M.D., is now deceased.

That your petitioner, exhibiting the said bond and warrant attached hereto, and exhibiting also, attached hereto, a certificate from the Recorder of Deeds of Bucks County, setting forth the said mortgage, and that no other mortgage, satisfied or unsatisfied of record, is found, of the same date and for the same amount upon this same premises, and respectfully showing that the said mortgage now remains unsatisfied of record, and that no assignment thereof appears of record; and further, respectfully showing that the said bond and warrant and the said mortgage are of the same date, for the same amount of money and between the same parties, respectfully avers that this said bond and warrant are the bond and warrant that accompanied the said mortgage, and that the receipt of the said Isaac Comley, M.D., and his agreement to satisfy the said mortgage is in full discharge of the debt secured by the said mortgage.

Your petitioner, therefore, prays Your Honorable Court to direct such proceedings to be had in the premises as are prescribed by the Act of Assembly in such case made are provided, to the end that an order of this Honorable Court may be made, directing the Recorder of Deeds of the County of Bucks to satisfy the said mortgage of record, according to the provisions of the Act of Assembly in such case made and provided.

And he will ever, etc.

Whereupon the said Court directed the Sheriff of Bucks County to serve a notice upon the legal representatives of Isaac Comley, deceased, if to be found within the County of Bucks, and if not so found then to give notice to the said legal representatives of Isaac Comley, deceased, by advertisement according to law.

You are therefore notified and required to appear at the Court of Common Pleas, to be holden a Doylestown, in and for the County of Bucks, on Monday, the 13th day of November, A. D. 1893, and answer to make to the said petition if any you have,

J. JOHNSON BEANS, Sheriff.

A. WEIR GILKESON, Pro Petitioner.

A HIGH-CLASS illustrated monthly magazine in the home is no longer a luxury.

It is a necessity, and to meet the demands created by this necessity, THE COSMOPOLITAN MAGAZINE, giving yearly, as it does, 1536 pages of reading by the ablest living authors, with over 1200 illustrations by clever artists, has stepped into the breach, with a reduction in its price that has startled the literary world.

The Bucks County Gazette, fully alive to the needs of its patrons, has made special arrangements with this superb monthly, whereby it will receive orders for yearly subscriptions TO BOTH PUBLICATIONS COMBINED for the sum of **$2.**

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CUSTER'S LAST STRUGGLE
Where Gen. Custer and five companies of the 7th cavalry were annihilated by Sioux Indians under Sitting Bull is treated of.

The beauties of nature to be found along the Puget Sound coast are here pointed out. It is a delightful region.

RAMBLINGS ALONG THE COAST.

Send to CHAS. S. FEE, Gen. Pass. & Ticket Agent, St. Paul, Minn.

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IN THE ORPHANS' COURT OF BUCKS COUNTY.

In the matter of the petition of MARGARET A. MORTON for the Partition of the REAL ESTATE of MICHAEL MURRAY, late of the Borough of Bristol, deceased.

To MARGARET MURRAY, widow of Charles Murray, late of the Borough of Bristol, deceased.

You will take notice that in pursuance of an order of the Orphans' Court of Bucks County, a Writ of Partition has issued from the said Court to the Sheriff of the said county, returnable on the 13th day of November, A. D. 1893, and that the inquest will meet for the purpose of making partition of the real estate of the said deceased on Saturday, the 11th day of November, A. D. 1893, at ten o'clock A. M. on said day upon the premises, at which time and place you can be present if you see proper.

The premises in question are described as follows: Beginning in the Northwesterly line of Pond street at a distance of 131 feet 9 inches from the corner of Dorrance street; thence along said Pond street, North 59½ degrees East, 25 feet to a corner; thence by land of Charles Appleton, North 28½ degrees West, passing through the middle of the partition between the house of this and that on the adjoining land 120 feet to a corner; thence by land formerly of Joshua Peirce, now or late of William M. Coates, South 68½ degrees West, 25 feet to a corner; thence by land formerly of Joshua Peirce, now of William Ackers, G. W. Watson and Abram R. Townsend, South 28½ degrees East, 120 feet to the place of beginning, being the same premises which Joshua Peirce, by deed dated the 21st day of February, 1871, and recorded at Doylestown in Deed Book No. 156, page 189, granted and conveyed unto the said Michael Murray in fee simple.

J. JOHNSON BEANS, Sheriff.

October 19, 1893.

A. WEIR GILKESON, Attorney.

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PEDDLING DIAMONDS.

MEN WHO GO AROUND WITH THEIR POCKETS FULL OF GEMS.

It Is No Uncommon Thing For One of Them to Have $40,000 Worth of Tiny Trifles In His Clothes—There Is No Such Thing as a Bargain In Diamonds.

One of the most surprising lines of business that a man can go into—surprising, that is, until you have time to think about it, and then it isn't surprising at all—is the peddling of diamonds.

Men go about the country with from $10,000 to $40,000 worth of the costly, tiny trifles in their clothes, hunting for customers in all sorts of place where they are likely to find customers, and they make, at least some of them make, a good living out of it.

And one really curious thing about it is that very few of them own the goods they carry. They do not in some cases even give bonds or put up any sort of security excepting that of their own personal character.

They are known or believed to be thoroughly honest and reliable, and the merchants who really have money invested in the goods trust them fully and freely.

A New York man, who travels almost continually, met one of these peddlers in the reading room of a hotel in Hartford some time ago and told afterward how astonished he was when the stranger approached him and began showing his goods.

"He was a tall, good looking young fellow," said the New Yorker, "and was dressed very quietly and tastefully. I noticed that there wasn't a single article of jewelry visible on his person, not even a gold button or a watch chain.

"The only thing that looked like jewelry was a key chain, and I observed afterward that that was made very strongly and appeared to be, as I presume it was, made of the very finest steel.

"He sat down beside me, and pulling at his chain drew out of his pocket a chamois leather bag or purse. Out of this he took what looked like a handful of small packages, each wrapped up in fine white tissue paper. These he unwrapped one after another and showed me the contents.

"In each one was a gem. There were diamonds, rubies and emeralds and two or three pearls, but nearly all of them were diamonds, and only three or four were what I would call unusually large stones. They were without settings, and as he unfolded the papers he rubbed each stone gently and deftly with a small piece of flannel.

"Naturally, he was talking while he did all this, and I soon got very much interested," the speaker continued. "He began by asking if he could not sell me a diamond, and I told him I thought not, but I said it hesitatingly because I wanted to hear what he had to say.

"'I have them here,' said the peddler, 'all the way from $50 up to $3,500, but I can sell you one that any gentleman would be pleased to wear for $200 or $300. Most persons, even those who can afford it, do not care to wear very large ones, though I have some customers who won't look at a small stone.'"

"You have regular customers then?" asked the man from New York, and he answered "Oh, yes. My trade is mostly among actors and hotel men, and I know nearly all the prominent ones east of the Mississippi."

And then he took out a powerful glass and asked the New Yorker to look at a beautiful brilliant he had just unwrapped.

"I looked at it and admired it, but I told him I was no judge of diamonds," the New Yorker went on. "All stones of the same size looked pretty much alike to me, though I could see that some seemed to be more brilliant than others. He laughed a little and said that he found that comparatively few people were judges, but that a great many were reluctant to own it and either believed or pretended to believe that they could tell a genuine diamond from the best possible imitation and a good stone from a bad one.

"'Such people,' he said, 'buy diamonds whenever they can be made to believe that they are getting bargains, but as a rule they pay more than they need to. Strictly speaking, there is no such thing as a "bargain" in diamonds, excepting in buying one from somebody who is ignorant or careless of the true value of what he has, because a diamond has an intrinsic value as well defined as that of gold.

"'However,' he continued, 'I am always glad to meet anybody who is on the lookout for bargains, because I generally manage to sell them something at a good price.'

"Then he went on to tell me that he only carried the other stones as a sort of sideshow. Once in a great while he would sell a pearl or a ruby, but nearly all his business consisted of sales of diamonds and watches.

"He kept on chatting, even after I had satisfied him that I didn't intend to buy anything, and he kept some of his parcels open for a considerable time while he was slowly wrapping up the others.

"I thought at first that he seemed to be careless about it, but as I watched him I noticed that he never looked anywhere excepting either at his goods or straight in my eye, and I could see that his vigilance was never relaxed for an instant."

This description affords a very fair notion of the business these peddlers do, and there are more of them going around the world than most people have any notion of.

The stuff they take with them, too, is of a kind that it would be practically impossible to trace, for diamonds, even good sized ones, are hard to identify, as a rule. There are cases, of course, in which some peculiarity of cutting or the accident of great size renders identification possible, but the stones that could be positively sworn to are very rare.—New York News.

A Novel Walking Cane.

A novelty of German manufacture is a cane and dressing case combined. The stick is of hollowed malacca, from which a brass tube may be drawn, which contains a series of little boxes, in which are neatly tucked away such things as shaving soap, razor, narrow brushes, nail scissors, comb, buttonhook and a stick of wax for the mustache. The cane looks natural and is not of unusual size. It should be added that there is a corkscrew attached to the deerhorn handle.

Well Treated.

Sam Johnsing—Did you see de kurnel?

Jim Webster—I did for a fac'.

"How did he treat you? Wid de proper respect?"

"De best in de world. De cigar smoke what he blowed in my face came from a 25 cent cigar."—Texas Siftings.

Scotch Weather.

American Tourist (to a boy in Glasgow)—I say, my boy, I've been waiting here a fortnight for fair weather. Does it always rain in Scotland?

Boy—Na, na, sir; not always. Sometimes it snaws.—Boston Courier.

Don't Ask Pointed Questions.

There is a point of etiquette which is woefully and very often abused. That is the asking of pointed questions. No one has any right to demand information of another whose interests are not very closely intertwined with the inquisitor and connected with the inquisition. But it is a thing that many good and kindly people are most careless about, simply from want of thought, far more than the apparent curiosity. A proper interest is one thing; leading questions are quite another thing.—New York World.

Following Their Elders.

Mamma—What made you ask that naughty little girl to stay and play when you told me you disliked her?

Maggie—Oh, me an Robbie was playin to be grownup folks. We didn't want her. We only just told her we did.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

All He Desired.

"My dear sir," said the grateful father, "how can I reward you for dragging my only daughter from a watery grave?"

"Simply do not expect me to marry her," replied the hero.—Detroit Free Press.

THE ÆOLIAN HARP.

A Latter Day Improvement Upon the Curious Instrument of the Ancients.

The æolian harp is not very well known, but it is very curious and is supposed to have been invented by Father Kircher, the Jesuit savant, who lived in the seventeenth century and invented many ingenious machines. But the fact of the spontaneous resonance of certain musical instruments when exposed to a current of air had struck the observers of nature in times of remotest antiquity. One of the Talmuds says that the harp of David sounded when the north wind blew on it, and it has been suggested that he had an æolian, as we understand it.

Kircher's harp had 15 strings of cat gut, and the force of the wind was deflected on to it by various shutters or screens. In later times this was improved upon by Messrs. Frost and Kastner, but was similar to the preceding form in principle and construction. The æolian harps in the old castle of Baden-Baden and those in the four turrets of Strasburg cathedral are celebrated.

These are all made of strings stretched over a sounding box and require tuning to keep them in harmony. They are also large and cumbrous and have a limited number of strings, which makes the music more or less monotonous, and they are dependent on the wind from one direction only.

The changes of temperature and dampness of the atmosphere make them constantly out of tune, and indeed often cause the strings to break. These difficulties and drawbacks have hitherto prevented the æolian harp from being so well known and popular as such an interesting and curious instrument deserves to be, but the latest development of this harp, named æolia, invented by an Englishman, is a step in the right direction.

The music is produced by sensitive metallic reeds instead of strings, so that it never requires tuning, and as there are 80 separate notes there is a great variety of sound.

It is intended to hang on the bough of a tree and may be left there without danger from the weather. It turns round before the wind and is therefore exposed to every point of the compass, and the music passes into an organ pipe, by which it is greatly enriched and improved.

Besides, the æolian harp possesses remarkable properties which act upon the nervous system and cause very different impressions, according to the temperment of those who listen to its accords. An English physician, Dr. J. M. Cox, asserts that lunatics have sometimes been calmed by the sweet and varied music of an æolian harp. Other observers declare that æolian sounds will produce sleep.—Waverly.

How Lead Pencils Are Made.

In the manufacture of lead pencils the graphite is first ground with water between French burr wheels until it is sufficiently fine and even, three or four weeks being sometimes required. The paste is then dried in pans for about 24 hours, broken into small pieces and ground again to an even consistency. It is then mixed with clay, the proportion of clay and graphite determining the hardness of the pencil. This mixture is then forced through a cylinder perforated at the lower end with a hole the size of the finished lead. The paste emerges in the form of a long stringlike spigetti, which the operative breaks off in lengths of about two feet and arranges in grooves in a horizontal board.

If the finished leads are to be used in pencil cases, the strings are cut off in proper lengths with a knife. They are then dried naturally for some time and afterward roasted in an oven, being finally polished by rubbing against each other in a shaking tray. The leads for use in a wood mounting are unpolished. The wood is well glued; then the leads are covered with mucilage and placed in the grooves and covered with another strip of wood, the pencil thus formed being placed with a number of others in a tightly clamped iron frame, in which they dry. The pencil is then finished by a revolving knife, which trims the wood and leaves it ready for the polishing and varnishing, which are done by hand.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Lost and Found In Paris.

The Paris depot for lost articles, or, as the French term them, found objects, holds over 54,000 articles, and of these some 14,000 are umbrellas.

A curious feature of the depot is that only 10 per cent of the lost articles are ever claimed. What, then, becomes of an unclaimed find? It invariably reverts to the finder after a lapse of time varying usually from three months to a year. Thus two small street arabs, who recently found 2,000 francs in notes, will soon claim this sum, and last year the finder of 10,000 francs had the money handed over to him.

Special measures are taken to prevent dishonest persons claiming articles which they see conductors find in omnibuses. It is not woman alone who drops her "things" in her anxiety to pick up her skirts. The doctor leaves his case of instruments, the musician his fiddle, the porter his dosser. Even 40 pound cannons and huge bronze clocks have found their resting place in the depot. And yet, after all this organized effort to restore lost articles, out of 100 losers only 10 succeed in recovering their property.—London Tit-Bits.

Original.

An old Scotchman who was fond of personal and unauthorized interpretations of the Scriptures was one day expounding a psalm and came to the expression "10 stringed instrument."

"Noo, my friends," said he, "din ye ken what that means—a 10 stringed instrument? Some say it means ae thing and some say anither, but I hae a notion that it joost means the 10 commandments. But that's only a thocht o' my ain."

At another time he considered very seriously what the psalmist might mean by "the noisome pestilence."

"I dinna richtly ken," said he, "what David means by callin it the noisome pestilence, but I'm aye thinkin it would be because the folk would be aye weepin and wailin over the dead and makin a great noise."—Youth's Companion.

Alcohol In Thermometers.

Alcohol, although the most convenient heretofore found, has proved an unreliable fluid for low temperature thermometers. It is subject to the three vices of sticking to the tube, irregular expansion and defect from impurities and variations in water content, which affect its expansion materially. M. Chappuis has found toluol, the boiling point of which is 110 degrees C., a liquid well adapted to the purpose and free from these disadvantages.—Public Opinion.

Would Not Improve Matters.

Jack—Cheer up, old man. Don't look so blue!

Harry—Can't help it.

Jack—Oh, come! Think of your best girl.

Harry—No good. I married her three months ago.—New York Herald.

Imitative Forms In Flowers.

Those who have given any particular attention to the study of botanical oddities know that the Brazilian flower known as the "running antelope" is so called because its white petals have a series of well defined dark colored lines and dots, in which the imagination can readily trace the form of an antelope, with its limbs outstretched and head thrown back, seemingly fleeing for its life. In the "caricature plant" one species has the imitative form on the petals, and another has it outlined in the ribs and shading of the leaves. This last mentioned curiosity bears a remarkably well executed likeness of the Duke of Wellington and has on that account been named "Arthur and His Nose."

Among the orchids the imitative form is entirely different in character, being exhibited in the shape of the flower itself. Some are exact counterfeits of bees, butterflies, moths, etc., while others take upon themselves the form of worms and beetles. Naturalists believe that in the first instance it is nature's trap to lure other bees, moths and butterflies, but the case of the worm and beetle orchids, or those that are exact counterparts of toads, lizards and huge spiders, they do not attempt to explain.—St. Louis Republic.

IN SUBMARINE ARMOR

HOW DELVERS IN WATERS DEEP ARE EQUIPPED AND TENDED.

How a Modern Suit For the Diver Is Constructed and What It Costs—The Air Pump Is the Most Costly Necessity of the Outfit—Story of a Fatal Accident.

Submarine diving has been reduced to such an exact science that there is little work under water that the expert diver cannot do, and it is hardly more dangerous than similar work on the surface.

Minor improvements are making in the suits constantly, but the greatest change within a few years has been in the manner of attaching the helmet. But you must know first how submarine armor is constructed before I can explain this to you. You have the common notion, I suppose, that if you just have a diving suit you can do all the diving you wish. That is a very erroneous idea. The suit is a small part of the necessary apparatus. For instance, you can buy a diving suit for $40, of the best quality, but before you can make a dive you must have apparatus which, of corresponding quality, will cost you $687.

As the pay of a diver is only $5 a day and his work very uncertain, you will readily imagine that the divers do not own their own suits. The suits are bought by wrecking companies and other corporations, and they employ the divers. The most expensive thing about the outfit is the air pump, and the next is the helmet. The diving dress proper is made of india rubber, laid between two layers of canvas, the rubber being entirely covered. A copper collar, which fits over the shoulders, chest and back, is fastened to the rubber suit with 12 bolts. To this collar the helmet is attached. Formerly the helmet was screwed to the collar, but the recent improvement I mentioned is the fastening of the helmet with bolts, which is much stronger and safer.

The helmet is made of sheet copper and weighs about 30 pounds. It has three eyeholes, one in front and one on each side, all filled with half inch thick glass and protected with strong copper wires. On one side is a valve which allows the foul air to escape, and at the back is a copper pipe to which the breathing tube is attached. The sleeve wrists are made of strong rubber, which keeps the water out. The shoes have iron soles, which weigh over 25 pounds each. The heavy leather belt is lined with blocks of lead, weighing in the aggregate 100 pounds. The suit complete weighs about 225 pounds, and on the surface it is very burdensome, but in the water it feels no heavier than any ordinary suit of clothes. The helmet is always the last thing put on. When the diver comes up for a breathing spell, the helmet is not taken off—one of the eyeholes is unscrewed, which answers every purpose.

The life line, as we call it—the rope with which the driver communicates with the surface and with which he is hoisted when necessary—passes through a ring in the helmet, and after being bolted in several places to the collar on one side goes through a ring in the belt and is then bolted to the collar on the other side. This is not only a life line, but a telegraph line too. One pull means more wind; two pulls, less wind; three pulls, stop the pump for a moment. You see, the air supply is the main thing, and most of the things relate to it. But the diver may have too much air as well as too little. The air pipe is made much heavier and stiffer than ordinary rubber hose. If it were too limber, it would get into "kinks" and shut off the air.

Three men on the surface attend to one diver—two to work the air pump and one for the air tube and life line. They must be trustworthy men, too, or they will kill the diver. Some companies make it a point to employ father and son or two brothers or very close friends. While one relative dives, the other exercises great care on the surface.

Incased in his armor the diver keeps dry as a chip, and of course the pump gives him plenty of air. But I do not say that he is altogether comfortable. When the water is cold, the diver is cold and requires one or two suits of heavy flannels and woolen mittens to wear beneath his diver's mittens. In clear water he can see very well, but about this harbor the water is not clear, and most of the work must be done by feeling. In fact, it is very hard work—so hard that four hours is counted a full day's work. Formerly the divers' wages were much higher, but they have come down. New York divers probably run less risk than any others in this country because they do more work and know how to keep their apparatus in order. Very much depends upon that, but not everything. Occasionally an accident happens in spite of all the care possible.

The last fatal accident to a diver in this harbor that I remember was several years ago. A steamship had sunk near her dock, and a diver went down to see how she lay. He felt his way along her deck up to the bow, for the water was too muddy for him to see much. It was too muddy, indeed, for him to see that one of the anchors lay on its side with a fluke in the air. As he went up one side of the deck and down the other his life line passed around the anchor. On completing his work he gave the signal to be drawn up, but when his companions drew on the line they only pulled him toward the anchor. He could not see what was wrong, but he managed to get hold of something to cut the line. Unfortunately, instead of the life line, he cut the air tube, and before he could be extricated he was drowned. The men on the surface immediately dived for him without any armor, but they were too late.—Interview in New York Sun.

Joan of Arc.

Jeanne d'Arc was a genius by her intrepid will. She had faith in her visions. Her faith rested upon the immovable foundation of numerous hallucinations having the force of moral and intellectual impulsion, making her superior to those around her. Science can pronounce as to her inspirations, but its judgment does not diminish in the least the merit of her heroism. Jeanne was of the peasant class and uneducated. According to her statement, she first heard supernatural voices when she was 13 years old.—New York Times.

Rattlesnake Hunting.

Rattlesnake hunting is a profession in Connecticut. The snake hunters go armed with a staff from 6 to 8 feet long, into the end of which is set a sharp steel blade 8 inches long. By a dexterous swish of his lance the hunter severs the snake's head, and the game is his. If a rattler persists in running away when surprised by a hunter, the latter knows that it is not one that carries eggs, and he lets it go.—Exchange.

New Game For Him.

Poker Jim of Dead Man's gulch was at church for the first time in his life.

"What's the ante?" he inquired in a whisper, leaning forward as the contribution box came around to him.—Chicago Tribune.

Oil of Eggs.

Extraordinary stories are told of the healing properties of a new oil which is easily made from the yolk of hens' eggs. The eggs are first boiled hard, and the yolks are then removed, crushed and placed over a fire, where they are carefully stirred until the substance is on the point of catching fire, when the oil separates and may be poured off. One yolk will yield nearly two teaspoonfuls of oil. It is in general use among the colonists of south Russia as a means of curing cuts, bruises, etc.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

He Was Called.

A good old lady said to her nephew, a poor preacher whom nobody wanted to hear, "James, why did you enter the ministry?" "Because I was called," he answered. "James," said the old lady anxiously as she looked up from wiping her spectacles, "are you sure it wasn't some other noise you heard?"—San Francisco Argonaut.

The Tortures of Remorse.

Visitor—Do you regret the past?

Convicted Counterfeiter—Oh, no. It's what didn't pass that I feel bad about.—Kate Field's Washington.

A TURKISH WEDDING.

The Grotesquely Adorned Bride Sits In State For Three Days.

For fully two hours we sat crosslegged on the couch before word came that the bride was approaching. Then we all crowded out into the hall and up one flight of stairs to the room especially prepared for the reception of the bride. This room was gorgeously furnished in European style, with a bright red carpet, chairs upholstered in scarlet and gold satin, and with window hangings of the same material. Between the two windows opposite the door a large armchair stood beneath a bower of artificial rosebushes profusely blossoming with red and yellow tissue paper roses. The other chairs were ranged against the wall on three sides of the room.

A great tumult and clatter of voices announced the arrival of the bride. As the party was heard ascending the stairs all the women, who had removed their veils on coming into the house, hastily threw them over their heads again. First came the sister of the groom (the real hostess), then the bride's relatives (only women, of course), and then the groom, a fine looking young man in dark blue military uniform, holding the bride by the elbow. At sight of her all the women broke out in exclamations of pious admiration. And certainly her costume was gorgeous enough to excite wonder at least. She was dressed in a long trained gown of pink satin, embroidered with silver roses. Her tightly curled hair was crowned with white ostrich plumes fastened with a spray of diamonds, and a veil of silk and tinsel fell to the end of her train. From her headdress, on either side of her face, dangled long streamers of silver tinsel threads.

But all this elegance by no means drew attention from the face of the bride, which was made most conspicuous by being adorned with big clusters of brilliants stuck with gum arabic on the forehead, either cheek and chin. I need not add that the effect was grotesque.

The groom escorted her into the room of state, and the guests were pressing in after them, when a relative of the bride quickly closed the door and held it for a few minutes until it was opened by the young man. The moment he reappeared the women threw their veils over their heads again and literally pushed him down stairs with all speed, exclaiming, "Hurry, hurry!" It was an undignified retreat, but as it was an innovation to allow the bridegroom even this much participation in the ceremony propriety made it necessary for him to withdraw as soon as he had seated the bride. They told us that he would go to his part of the house to make merry with his masculine friends.

As soon as he had vanished below we all flocked in to look at the bride. She was carefully arranged in the chair under the tissue paper roses. Her downcast eyes were fixed upon her folded, white gloved hands, where rings sparkled on every finger, and as we sat solemnly about the room in a silent, admiring circle, with eyes fixed upon this rigid, inanimate looking figure, I felt as if we were assisting at the worship of some heathen idol. An extra pair of arms would have made the illusion quite complete. But after a few minutes had elapsed the bride proved herself a human being by fainting away. Of course this caused great tumult and confusion. The women all talked at once and rushed wildly about like so many hens, until at last the bride was carried into another room to recover her breath. It was not long before she was back in the chair of state, as rigid as ever.

Later in the day, and after partaking of a meal that had been prepared for us, we went back to drink a last cup of coffee in the presence of the bride and to chat a little with our hostess before taking leave. Several of the bride's relatives were just going, and each of them kissed her on either cheek (carefully, so as not to dislodge the diamonds) and whispered something in her ear, to which she replied with eyes still downcast. Poor thing! They told us that she would have to sit in state for three successive days before the wedding could be considered at an end.

At last, with many salaams and exchanges of compliments, we took leave of all the assembly. Our hostess shook hands with us—out of respect to our custom—and thanked us elaborately for the honor we had conferred upon them by our presence at the ceremony. And the smiling throng of slaves followed us to the street door, reiterating: "Goodby! Come again!" until our carriage rattled away over the cobblestones of Stambol.—New York Post.

Reserved For Royal Smokers.

In the Abajo valley is a small, low piece of country, about five miles from Havana, capable of producing tobacco enough to make 30,000 cigars annually, or about one-quarter of the number smoked every six months in Washington. Without question, the tobacco is the finest grown. The result is the kings and noblemen of England, Russia, Germany, France and other European countries gobble them up. Every single cigar made of Vuelta Abajo tobacco is sold to them at prices ranging from $20 to $150 a hundred.

Americans would never pay that price, especially when the $20 to $150 a hundred does not include the tariff, which would make the poorest quality of these cigars sell at 47 cents apiece, wholesale. These cigars are bought and paid for, too, by the way, long before the crop is ever harvested. Manufacturers, with that remarkable coolness with which some men are endowed, proceed to call all qualities and kinds of Cuban cigars Havana and Vuelta Abajo, when half of them never saw a cigar of that growth.—Washington News.

Cast Its Shadow Before.

In one of Hawthorne's eerie tales, suggested, as he tells us, by fact, the shadow of a terrible event is cast before through the medium of a picture.

A painter while taking the portraits of a bridal pair was moved by some mysterious impulse to make a sketch for his own keeping, representing the bridegroom, with a look of frenzy in his face, in the act of plunging a knife into the bosom of his terrified bride.

Time passed, and the painter revisiting their home beheld the ill fated young man, with the very look and attitude he had portrayed, about to fulfill the pictured crime and was only just in time to stay his hand.—London Tit-Bits.

Taxes In Saxony.

The government of Saxony has instituted a unique method of enforcing the payment of taxes. The names of persons who did not pay their taxes last year are printed and hung up in all the restaurants and saloons. The proprietors dare not serve those mentioned on the lists with food or drink under penalty of losing their license.—Exchange.

Explained.

Mr. Prime—Mrs. Dawson fairly worships that son of hers.

Miss Spiteful—Yes, he is so unlike his father.—Music and Drama.

Traffic In Buenos Ayres.

The noise is deafening from the rumble of heavy wheeled carts and wagons and the incessant passing of horse cars, one close behind the other. But the clattering of hoofs and the rolling of wheels on the rough granite pavement are drowned and forgotten in the shrieking of tramway horns. In front of each car, hung up just in reach of the driver's lips, is a cow horn, upon which he continually toots with indefatigable virtuosity, which forfeits rest and peace by day and murders sleep o' nights as effectively as Macbeth's conscience. Most of the tram cars are open vehicles of American make with reversible seats and are conducted by seedy fellows of all nationalities, while the small sized native horses are driven to speedy death by the most cruel of human brutes. According to official reports, the six tramway companies of Buenos Ayres employ constantly 6,072 horses on 200,376 kilometers of track, with 397 coaches, and carried an aggregate of 9,000,000 passengers every month.—Fannie B. Ward.

All this talk about the Atlantic being gridironed by beaten paths and dotted with sails is nonsense. The Valkyrie, with the eyes of the civilized world seeking her, was nearly 30 days on the deep, and only one craft remarked her presence.

EARTHWORMS.

Their Value to Land, Their Abode and Their Relentless Enemy.

The worms know well that rapid heaving of the soil which betokens the approach of a mole to their innocent burrows, and the moment they feel it rush wildly to the surface, prepared rather to face the worst that lark or blackbird may bring upon them than to await the onslaught of their most ruthless and bloodthirsty enemy. If you dig a pointed stick into the ground and shake the earth a little by moving it from side to side, you will find dozens of worms hurry up to the surface at once under the mistaken impression that the petty earthquake is some mole's doing, for the senses of earthworms are extremely keen and their perception of danger most acute and vivid.

A person unaccustomed to the ways of worms might wonder that enough of them could be found in the comparatively small tract of land which each mole taboos or occupies as his own to satisfy the needs of so voracious a creature. But as a matter of fact the worm population of England is something incredibly high, to be numbered, no doubt, by millions of millions. Every field on our downs is far more thickly populated underground than London is on the surface. Every meadow is as dense with teeming thousands of worms as Lancashire is with men or an ant hill with emmets. The soil swarms with life.

Vinegar kills worms, and where a barrel of vinegar has been accidentally spilled upon the ground the surface is sometimes positively covered before long by a thick layer of wriggling creatures which have come up to die, as is the wont of their species. The abundance and ubiquity of the game explain the numbers and frequency of the hunters. Every mole eats daily many pounds of worms, and yet every field supports a whole villageful of them.

It is the entire drama of nature on a small scale underground — remorseless, self centered, unfeeling as ever. Worms exist, and exist in thousands, because there are myriads and myriads of dead leaves for them to live upon. Almost every dead leaf that falls from tree or shrub or weed or herb except in autumn (when the supply all at once immensely outruns the demand) they carry underground and bury or devour with ceaseless industry. In doing so they create and keep up the layer of vegetable mold on the surface of the earth, which alone makes plant life, and especially cultivation, possible.

Cultivated areas are therefore those where worms are most abundant. So far as they themselves are concerned, however, the worms eat only for their own appetites' sake and never suspect they are the friends of lordly man, whose fields and crofts they thus unconsciously fertilize.—Cornhill Magazine.

In most churches of England a ring is kept so that embarrassment may be spared in case of forgetfulness of the parties concerned.

An armless boy of Middletown, Conn., named William Mylehreert, has completed the painting of a wagon. His feet did the work.

Miscellaneous

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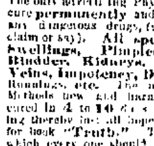
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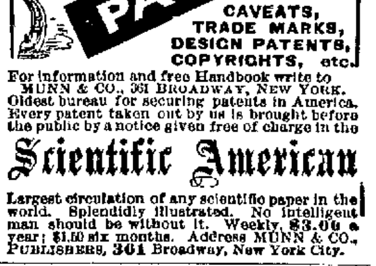
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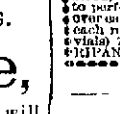
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